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DOMESTIC NEWS.

Ex-Senator Fitch, of Indiana, Will Support Grant.

Progress of the Barnard Impeachment Trial at Saratoga.

Burning of a Large Lumber-Mill at Buffalo.

Curious Developments in a California Libel Suit.

Sad Death of Three Young Ladies in Massachusetts.

INDIANA.

Ex-United States Senator Fitch Refuses to Support Greeley and Declares for Gen. Grant—Political Announcements.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 20.—Hon. Graham N. Fitch, Ex-United States Senator, a life-long Democrat, and a man of influence, has publicly announced his determination to advocate the election of Gen. Grant. Other prominent Democrats have openly denounced the nomination of Greeley and will battle with the Republicans. Judge Horace P. Biddle, of the Eighth District, nominated for Congress by the Democrats and Liberal Republicans on Thursday last, has declined the honor. The declination has little political significance, however, as the gentleman has not been identified with the party for several years. A hopeless contest is assigned as his reason for declining. Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, speaks here Tuesday night, and will address the people at the principal points in the State during the week. Gen. Harlan, of Kentucky, and Gen. Greenfield, of Ohio, commence a series of appointments Aug. 10. Senator Morton and Gen. Thomas M. Brown will be actively engaged in Northern Indiana next week. All the Republican candidates have appointments, and are addressing large meetings.

THE BARNARD TRIAL.

Progress Made Yesterday—Speech by Mr. Beach—He is Obliged to Admit Barnard's Indecent Political Language.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

SARATOGA, July 20.—The Court of Impeachment met again today, thirty-two members being present. In accordance with the programme which seems to have been adopted by the defense, the entire session was spent by them in an effort to befog the minds of the Court with technical objections and sophistical theories; and by the prosecution in sweeping away the cobwebs woven around the plainest issues by the former. Before Mr. Beach proceeded formally to reply to the argument made yesterday by Mr. Van Cott, he called the attention of the Court to the language used by Mr. Grove in the case of Mattison to show that a member cannot be expelled by the Legislature on account of crime, when a majority of his constituents had elected him, claiming that the final disposition of the question by a vote of 26 to 19 was upon the resolution that it was inexpedient to take any further action in the case. Mr. Van Cott said the judgment in the Blount case was in the form of a resolution, and judgment proceeded upon the ground that Blount was not a civil officer, and could not therefore be impeached. Mr. Bartlett then made some remarks, which were, as usual, fearfully redundant with adjectives. He was understood to request that he might be heard for about ten minutes upon some points which were, to his mind, absolutely conclusive of the law on the very important question before the Court. The President said the rule has been adopted that only one counsel shall be heard on each side, but if the respondent desired that the gentleman should close the argument no objection would be made. With singular modesty Mr. Bartlett declined to take such a responsibility, and Mr. Beach asked that the rule be extended on this particular occasion, as one of the managers desired to be heard. Senator Lewis moved that additional counsel be heard on each side of this particular question, which was seconded by Senators Murphy and D. P. Wood; but Chief Judge Church, apprehensive that the Court might be detained here the rest of the year if Mr. Bartlett were permitted to tell all he knows about law, honored the decision of the Chair would be sustained. He admitted the importance of the question, but not its difficulty of comprehension, and thought the members had heard enough on the subject to decide it without further discussion. Messrs. Niles and Alvord, of the Board of Managers, said the managers acquiesced in the decision of the Chair, and, the motion of Mr. Lewis being put, the Chair was sustained by vote of 32 to 9.

Mr. Beach then proceeded with his reply, after paying a merited compliment to the eloquent address of Mr. Van Cott, declaring that he was almost drawn to adopt the reasoning of that gentleman. He made what proved to be an unsuccessful attempt to show its fallacy. He said a great deal about the will of the sovereign people, and the dangers to our institutions if the will should be overridden; but he did not show, as, indeed, it would be very hard to do, that that will had ever been truly expressed in favor of his client, there being good reason to believe that he was elected more through the fraudulent votes manufactured by him in 1868, as shown in the report of the Congressional Investigating Committee of 1869, than by those of true citizens, of that the misconduct with which the latter is charged, was beneath all the notes of his constituents. He was followed with all the English he could command by the prosecution, which, he said, were all founded upon the idea that a public officer could be impeached after his term of office has expired, which, he alleged, was contrary to our rules, as shown in the case of Cavilon, the proceedings in which were stopped by the Senate on his resignation. This was unanswerable silence, because, first, the proceedings were never before the Senate, and second, the resolution adopted by the House was that it was inexpedient, not illegal, to proceed further. He had no great respect, he said, for the English authorities of any court, which was very natural, as some of them seated his purpose.

Being at a loss for reasons to counteract those advanced by the prosecution, he stopped to consult with his associate, Townsend, and then began again, stating the self-evident proposition that this Court has no power to punish an offender for crime, though it might remove him, and its functions are directed merely to the jurisdiction of the office, while the crime is left to the jurisdiction of the criminal Courts. Having thus summarily disposed of the English authorities against him, he found little difficulty in demolishing the authority of the Assembly, which had also been cited by his opponent. This he did by a few remarks in reference to a report which he referred to the last Assembly at the complainant and the prosecutor, directing the Court to use principles by which it shall be guided, a hint born in the spirit of reform, the property of a Committee of Seventy, and at Albany and (a determined jibe at the Herald) in the metropolis. He (Mr. Beach) thought it is nothing entitled to the respect of this Court; he claimed the Wilkes case as an authority, that a party cannot be expelled for offenses committed prior to election; he cited the case of Weaver against Dashiell, 28 Denio, to show that a Judge is not liable in a civil action for judicial determination, however erroneous and however malicious the motives that prompted it. He concluded with the ridiculous assertion that if the Court shall rule this complaint must be quashed, the witnesses prior to the present term, it will small in its vital power the structure of this Government.

The question was then put and negatived by a vote of 22 to 6. Judges Church, Peckham and Rapallo, Senators Fenton, Harwood, Lewis, Love, Murphy and O'Brien, voting in the affirmative. Mr. Beach then moved to strike out a certain portion of article 2 and all of articles 19, 20, 27 and 28, chiefly on the ground of incelicacy. Senator Benedict seconded the motion, accompanying it with the remark that these articles, somehow or other, had a family look to be picked to pieces. The Court cannot make new articles, they must take them, and decide upon them as they are," and after a long discussion the Clerk was ordered to read the motion to strike out being unanimously in the negative. Rufus F. Andrews of Albany, then recapitulated and the managers made some verbal amendments to the thirteenth article, consisting of the substitution of the Air-counsel's peculiar style of indecency and blasphemy for religious notes the Bench, and at the request of Mr. Beach, two or three of the grossest indecencies were omitted by Mr. Andrews, there being many ladies present. When the reading was concluded, Mr. Van Cott very justly remarked that the injustice of striking out this article was sufficiently shown by the fact that sources of decency compelled the counsel to request the omission of certain portions, and yet the language they contained was that of the respondent on the Bench. But the immoralities charged in Mr. Beach's conduct was pronounced by motions of decency was instantly and indignantly repelled by him.

The justice of Mr. Van Cott's remark was too apparent, and to counteract the profound impression it created, he gave immediate notice of his intention to read about the coolest paragraph he ever read in his life, and then, in a calm and made a fatal axia. Had Judge Barnard himself been here, as it is said he will be on Monday, he might have enjoyed the evident pleasure which the repetition of his judicial obscenity gave to the few of the courser sort who listened to it. But the reading of the offensive details by Mr. Beach was listened to in painful silence by every well-bred person present. Thus, step by step, the counsel for the respondent are obliged, in their efforts to defend him, to descend to the level of their vulgar and vicious client. Counsel for the respondent Benedict, the further consideration of the case was adjourned till Monday, at 10 A. M. It was not Senator Allen, but Judge Allen who voted yesterday to sustain the frivolous plea that the articles had not been adopted by the Assembly.

FIRE IN BUFFALO.

Destruction of an Extensive Lumber-Mill—A Large Number of Men Thrown Out of Employment.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 20.—At 4 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the rear portion of the planing mill of Evans & Co., No. 22 Mechanic-street, supposed to be either the work of an incendiary or due to the carelessness of the night-watchman. The mill, together with the machinery and a large quantity of finished work, were destroyed, involving a loss of $60,000, on which there is $15,000 insurance. The flames speedily communicated with the extensive lumber piles of Clark, Holland & Co. and Hamilton & Co., and also to several adjoining structures, filled with valuable stock. The thirty-nine-foot centaurs, filled specimens of the Air-counsel's peculiar style of indecency and blasphemy, and religious notes the Bench, and at the request of Mr. Beach, two or three of the grossest indecencies were omitted by Mr. Andrews, there being many ladies present. When the reading was concluded, Mr. Van Cott very justly remarked that the injustice of striking out this article was sufficiently shown by the fact that sources of decency compelled the counsel to request the omission of certain portions, and yet the language they contained was that of the respondent on the Bench. But the immoralities charged in Mr. Beach's conduct was pronounced by motions of decency was instantly and indignantly repelled by him.

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CURRENT LITERATURE.

OUR BIRTHDAYS.

As seasons come and seasons go
We mark their passage thus,—
First buds, then leafage, fruitage, snow;
And so the cycles round and round,
And mark their sum on us.

Ay, all the Arts that Love knows
Have laid their traces on our own,
And we when Babel shall no longer grow
Than be wear life's storied cone,

And—born into an elder world,
A philosophic realm—
We have Time's coiled-up scroll uncurled,
Beat Earth's green veil, with tears impearled,
To scan her wrinkled face.

We say those wrinkles represent
Eons of age, sages,
And in our wisdom self-content,
Proclaim how strata rift and rent
Are birthdays stamped in stone.

And,—busied tracing back the growth
Of this terrestrious sphere,—
Is it forgetfulness, or sloth,
That makes us yearly grow more loth
To count our birthdays here?

Ah, no! In youth we sprang to greet
Each birthday as it came,
Until, maturity complete,
Years seemed to run with flying feet
And bear a stress of flame.

We feel not, while fresh seasons pass,
Their footsteps on our brow,
Until some clear, unflattering glass
Reveals the wrinkles, which, alas!
Are furrowed by their plows.

And as these furrows indicate,
The throes of strife or pain,
The heart that was in youth elate
In age bends 'neath too sad a weight
Its birthdays to sustain.

What marvel we pass mournfully
Remembrances of care,
Epochs of mutability,
Of passion, strife, or agony,
If such our birthdays were!

—*Mrs. G. Lorenzo Dow, in The Gentleman's Magazine.*

ONE VERSUS TWO.

One dismal evening in gentle Spring—improperly so called, by mendacious poets—I sat disconsolately in my room reviewing the Winter campaign; the wind shrieked around the corner gable and dashed sheets of rain against the windows, while down below in the street, patches of damp snow, mingled with mud, inspired pedestrians with a savage wish that all the impostors who sing about "beautiful snow" might be summoned in a body to clean the streets. It certainly was what might be called a "nasty night"—an expressive phrase which I should not dare to use if I had not recently seen it in several English novels purporting to describe the innermost circles of Britannic aristocracy, sublime in lofty exclusiveness.

A bright fire glowed in the grate, and a box stood near heaped with shining lumps of condensed warmth, for our city stood on the borders of the coal country, where the farmers' wives, when they wanted fuel, turned up the turf anywhere around the house and filled their buckets gratis, with an easy contempt for wood-piles and the laborious saw. After skimming a newspaper, playing an opera air and writing half a page of a letter, I finally lit a cigar and seated myself in an easy-chair to indulge in the dreamy delights of visions in the coals. Gradually out of the glowing depths rose a bold outline, shaping itself slowly into a rocky island surrounded by a Summer sea; a little village stood on the beach, with a slender white spire rising above, while the dark pines stretched up and away over the cliffs, and the heights were crowned by a gray stone fort with the Stars and Stripes waving against the blue sky. Then a magical vista opened through the woods and under the shadow of the Sugar Loaf. In the avenue of spruces appeared two forms, a fair young girl and myself, John Free by name. "Bertha," I murmured, as the landscape vanished, and left only the one face outlined in the coals—a childlike face with blue eyes, brown curls and gentle wistful smile. As the features faded other visions arose—visions of lingering walks under the pines, of long conversations on the balcony and romantic sailing parties over the moonlit water; the quaint parlor in the fort, with the old chaplain, Bertha's father, deep in his chess problems; the piano where she sang, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls;" and the white handkerchief waving from her window as the steamer carried me away. Just at this stage of the vision the door opened and Warren Brenton came in, divesting himself of his overcoat and dismally chanting an atrocious parody invented on the stairs for my benefit:

In the Spring a bitter east wind freezes up the room's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing dies of cold upon its nest;
In the Spring a muddy moisture drips from the bedragged doves;
In the Spring a shaking ague turns a man from thoughts of love.

"You wretch!" I exclaimed, "you have frightened away my visions."

"Where were they?" said Brenton, lighting a cigar and taking a companion arm-chair by the fireside.

"In the coals," I replied, and, full of the genial recollections, I was almost tempted to disclose my thoughts, when he began talking of city politics and the mood passed.

Warren was my best friend; our law-offices were in the same building; we frequented the same houses; and when, by chance, we happened to be on opposite sides of a case, we vastly enjoyed pelting each other with terrific epithets and rolling adjectives, at the same time frowning with all the ferocity we possessed. My income depended upon my industry, but Brenton enjoyed a comfortable fortune. Together we attended parties, together we spent our evenings, and together we had passed a month at Fairy Island the preceding Summer, Brenton having outstayed me by several weeks, till called inexorably back, as I was, by the necessities of the daily grinding legal wheel.

After a desultory conversation upon the topics of the day, Warren began rallying me upon my devotion to Miss Kate Vanderheyden, the lovely brunette. "Seriously, though, John," he said finally, with his eyes fixed upon the smoke-rings above him, "in spite of the proxy paternal relatives, she is a charming girl."

"So so," I replied with fastidious indifference.

"Why, old cormorant, what more do you want? is she not lovely, amiable and rich, and smileth she not most sweetly upon thee?"

"There's Allen in the way," I suggested.

"Oh, he is entirely *anagnoiti*: he wrote her a letter alluding to her 'angle' form and 'starry' eyes. Poor fellow! he knew no spell but here. No, my friend, the field is clear before you: go in and win!"

"The truth is, Warren, I think she does fancy me," said I, with an air of candid acknowledgment.

"Of course she does; in maiden meditation fancies free. And now, may I ask if the day is fixed?"

"Not yet, but perhaps it soon will be."

"I am not mad, but soon shall be," sang Brenton, ending in a prolonged quaver just half a tone flat. At the close of this musical quotation I mildly questioned him as my turn concerning a certain cousin Dora with whom he kept up a domestic flirtation under cover of respect for an aged aunt.

"Dora is a dear girl," he replied sentimentally, "and I should nearly lose my heart to her were it not for sundry qualms of conscience."

"Regarding consinship?" I asked.

"Oh, no. She is three degrees removed. But there is another little girl to whom I consider myself half promised, and I am afraid she would cry her eyes out if she had to give me up."

"Does she live here, old Mormon?" said I, lighting a fresh cigar.

"No; but the truth is, I flirted with her desperately for eight weeks, and almost committed myself. Whenever I gazed into her pretty face, I have not the courage to break her heart, poor little thing!"

"Who is it, Bluebeard?"

"Why, who should it be but Bertha Macpherson, of course? You remember her?"

"Remember her?" I stammered, mentally, staring at my broken coal visions with a cold perspiration trickling down my back.

"Yes, the old chaplain's daughter, you know! The reverend Bertha and that long-legged Dunoon lassie in the awesome shawl the chapel overlooking the lake. Well, I have been engaged to cousin Dora for years, but last Spring we had a quarrel, and just to revenge myself I began flirting with the lassie up on the island. Dora heard of it, and it soon brought her round; we are all right now, but as I am not anticipated like some of you fellows, I positively cannot bear to break the little Macpherson girl's heart."

"Do you mean to say, Warren Brenton, that Bertha Macpherson loves you?"

"Of course she does; that is the very point of the difficulty."

"Did she ever acknowledge it?"

"Perhaps not in words; but what do you care about it?"

"What reasons have you for your assertions, Sir?" I asked with concentrated composure.

"Don't know that I am obliged to give them to you; but it was evident enough that the child was wrapt up in me."

"I think, Mr. Brenton, you are mistaken in the lady," I remarked coldly.

"Nothing of the kind, Sir."

"Her affections are believed in another quarter, and I have her sisters to prove it."

"Pen! Letters!" exclaimed Brenton, with flashing eyes.

"Yes," I answered triumphantly, at the same time taking two letters from my pocket and brandishing them in his face.

"What is in them?" said my rival, furiously.

"Never mind," I answered, meaningly, hastily replacing the innocent documents in my note-book, with the inward consciousness that their barren friendliness would but poorly prove my assertions; "enough that she writes to me, not to you." And allow me to request you not to make me of her name so freely."

"I shall make as much use of her name as I please; and she would marry me to-morrow if I asked her," exclaimed Brenton furiously.

"I beg leave to differ; Miss Macpherson is my property."

"It's false!" shouted my fiery companion.

"I shall marry her this Summer," I continued with bold audacity.

"I'll be hanged if you do," said Brenton, knocking over his chair and slamming the door after him as he rushed from the room. In an instant his head reappeared. "And Kate Vanderheyden!" he called out jeeringly. I made a spring after him and ran out on the landing; he was half way down-stairs, and, flinging a law-book down to attract his attention, I leaned over and shouted, "And Cousin Dora?" at the top of my voice. He shook his fist at me and disappeared into the street, while I, after going down to pick up the legal spoke of the daily grinding wheel, returned to my room, feeling the depressing reaction of a hot excitement.

The fire had burned low, and a smoldering black heap was all that remained of my glowing visions. I threw on fresh coal and seated myself to tempt back the rosy revelries, but all in vain. When at last the blaze sprang up, it was altogether too sparkling for meditation; the crackling flame and brisk gas-jets refused to take the outlines of Fairy Island, and Bertha's face no longer smiled behind the black bars.

My feelings, too, had changed; indolent self-satisfaction was replaced by angry disappointment, and true to my training, I began rapidly scrutinizing the events of the preceding Summer, weighing Bertha's careless words, judging sternly her graceful ways, and using all my legal acumen to prove her guilty of high crime and misdemeanor. But, in spite of special pleading, I accomplished nothing beyond a renewed fondness for the lovely exiled, and a firm determination not to believe Brenton's conceited avowals, particularly as he was noted for fancying himself a mighty Nimrod among the fair, slaying whole ranks with one of his idiotic smiles. Dear little Bertha! The more I thought of her, the more I swore she should not be sacrificed. To be sure, she was not exactly eligible as a wife in comparison, for instance, with Kate Vanderheyden, but I certainly should not allow myself to be supplanted by Warren Brenton; and full of chivalrous resolution, I took out the two letters for additional inspiration. "She is too ladylike to express her feelings before I take the initiative," I murmured as I scanned the friendly lines relating principally to some books I had sent, but evidently there is a deep hidden meaning in these words. No doubt the simple-hearted child encouraged Brenton for the especial purpose of taking me about me, and the great jackanapes took it all to himself. It must be dismal enough at Fairy Island now; I suppose the little girl sits by the window and looks mournfully over the ice all day long, sighing for June, the fifteenth of June, when I promised to be there."

This melancholy picture moved me to a sudden resolution; I would slip away quietly by the first train, to warn her against Brenton's perfidious failings, stay a few days to cheer her up, and perhaps—but there was no hurry about the rest; she would be satisfied with her little drop of comfort, and Brenton, I thought, with a glow of virtuous indignation—Brenton shall be unmarked. This generous determination soothed my wrath, and as the fire had burned down to glowing coals again, I saw new visions in their depths: Bertha roused from her depression, Bertha beaming with joy to see me, and betraying in her artless face the secret feelings of her heart.

The next morning a cold rain drizzled from the gray sky and somewhat dampened my ardor; still, I persevered so far as to visit the office of the transportation company to inquire when the first boat would leave for the North, and was informed by a dismal boy on a three-legged stool, reading a dime novel, that "the ice was too feet thick yet." Evidently, nothing could be done for the present, and to pass away the time I devoted myself with renewed industry to my profession, withdrawing from all scenes of gayety like a knight-errant vowed to a holy cause. Brenton did not appear again, neither did I meet him on the street; we avoided each other carefully, and nursed our wrath to keep it warm. Finally, after two weeks of this vegetative existence, I felt it my duty to call on Miss Vanderheyden; it was time she should understand my indifference, lest I should make her miserable as well as poor Bertha, and therefore I really ought to go. Very charming she was, very lovely she looked, and I was enjoying myself in a melancholy manner when who should come in but Warren Brenton! Of course we were both too well bred to show our animosity, and Miss Kate had no suspicion of the truth as we all chatted gayly upon the airy nothings of society and laughed with immitable ease. I confess to a few tremors as I thought of my last interview with Brenton; what if he should allude to Bertha before Miss Vanderheyden? A cold chill crept over me; it would be so cruel to expose the poor little girl's feelings, you know.

Toward the close of the evening, Brenton spoke of the approaching Summer and his plans. "If you are to be at Sharon, Miss Vanderheyden," said the coxcomb, "I should certainly go there myself, were it not for a pressing engagement in another quarter. I have just received a letter from a friend, inviting me for June, and once there, heaven knows how long I shall stay."

"It must be a lady, then," said Miss Kate gayly.

Brenton smiled, and drew from his pocket a letter. "Let me see, it is the fifteenth, I believe," he drawled, with pretended forgetfulness, scanning the page. Intentionally or not, the envelope dropped at my feet, and stooping to pick it up, I recognized the delicate, unformed handwriting of Bertha Macpherson.

The two talked on, but I heard not what they said; my brain whirled, phantasms of anger and revenge danced before my dizzy eyes; I sat in my chair like a mazed in a scarlet jacket. At length the gentlemen wrestled over the hallway, all smiling and courteous; and when he was safely out of the house I ran upstairs for my hat and coat and rushed into the streets. Late as it was I hurried to the domicile of the dime novel boy, this time all bustle and confusion; the harbor was reported clear, the first boat of the season was to leave within forty-eight hours, and a schooner was on the point of starting for Chicago, the advance-guard of the lower lake fleet. Seizing a pen, I indited a few hasty lines to Bertha, incoherent and vague enough, save the one fact that should follow the letter in person by the first steamer. As I hurriedly sealed the missive, I pleased myself with the thought of the joy it would bring to that lonely island.

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My feelings, too, had changed; indolent self-satisfaction was replaced by angry disappointment, and true to my training, I began rapidly scrutinizing the events of the preceding Summer, weighing Bertha's careless words, judging sternly her graceful ways, and using all my legal acumen to prove her guilty of high crime and misdemeanor. But, in spite of special pleading, I accomplished nothing beyond a renewed fondness for the lovely exiled, and a firm determination not to believe Brenton's conceited avowals, particularly as he was noted for fancying himself a mighty Nimrod among the fair, slaying whole ranks with one of his idiotic smiles. Dear little Bertha! The more I thought of her, the more I swore she should not be sacrificed. To be sure, she was not exactly eligible as a wife in comparison, for instance, with Kate Vanderheyden, but I certainly should not allow myself to be supplanted by Warren Brenton; and full of chivalrous resolution, I took out the two letters for additional inspiration. "She is too ladylike to express her feelings before I take the initiative," I murmured as I scanned the friendly lines relating principally to some books I had sent, but evidently there is a deep hidden meaning in these words. No doubt the simple-hearted child encouraged Brenton for the especial purpose of taking me about me, and the great jackanapes took it all to himself. It must be dismal enough at Fairy Island now; I suppose the little girl sits by the window and looks mournfully over the ice all day long, sighing for June, the fifteenth of June, when I promised to be there."

This melancholy picture moved me to a sudden resolution; I would slip away quietly by the first train, to warn her against Brenton's perfidious failings, stay a few days to cheer her up, and perhaps—but there was no hurry about the rest; she would be satisfied with her little drop of comfort, and Brenton, I thought, with a glow of virtuous indignation—Brenton shall be unmarked. This generous determination soothed my wrath, and as the fire had burned down to glowing coals again, I saw new visions in their depths: Bertha roused from her depression, Bertha beaming with joy to see me, and betraying in her artless face the secret feelings of her heart.

The next morning a cold rain drizzled from the gray sky and somewhat dampened my ardor; still, I persevered so far as to visit the office of the transportation company to inquire when the first boat would leave for the North, and was informed by a dismal boy on a three-legged stool, reading a dime novel, that "the ice was too feet thick yet." Evidently, nothing could be done for the present, and to pass away the time I devoted myself with renewed industry to my profession, withdrawing from all scenes of gayety like a knight-errant vowed to a holy cause. Brenton did not appear again, neither did I meet him on the street; we avoided each other carefully, and nursed our wrath to keep it warm. Finally, after two weeks of this vegetative existence, I felt it my duty to call on Miss Vanderheyden; it was time she should understand my indifference, lest I should make her miserable as well as poor Bertha, and therefore I really ought to go. Very charming she was, very lovely she looked, and I was enjoying myself in a melancholy manner when who should come in but Warren Brenton! Of course we were both too well bred to show our animosity, and Miss Kate had no suspicion of the truth as we all chatted gayly upon the airy nothings of society and laughed with immitable ease. I confess to a few tremors as I thought of my last interview with Brenton; what if he should allude to Bertha before Miss Vanderheyden? A cold chill crept over me; it would be so cruel to expose the poor little girl's feelings, you know.

Toward the close of the evening, Brenton spoke of the approaching Summer and his plans. "If you are to be at Sharon, Miss Vanderheyden," said the coxcomb, "I should certainly go there myself, were it not for a pressing engagement in another quarter. I have just received a letter from a friend, inviting me for June, and once there, heaven knows how long I shall stay."

"It must be a lady, then," said Miss Kate gayly.

Brenton smiled, and drew from his pocket a letter. "Let me see, it is the fifteenth, I believe," he drawled, with pretended forgetfulness, scanning the page. Intentionally or not, the envelope dropped at my feet, and stooping to pick it up, I recognized the delicate, unformed handwriting of Bertha Macpherson.

The two talked on, but I heard not what they said; my brain whirled, phantasms of anger and revenge danced before my dizzy eyes; I sat in my chair like a mazed in a scarlet jacket. At length the gentlemen wrestled over the hallway, all smiling and courteous; and when he was safely out of the house I ran upstairs for my hat and coat and rushed into the streets. Late as it was I hurried to the domicile of the dime novel boy, this time all bustle and confusion; the harbor was reported clear, the first boat of the season was to leave within forty-eight hours, and a schooner was on the point of starting for Chicago, the advance-guard of the lower lake fleet. Seizing a pen, I indited a few hasty lines to Bertha, incoherent and vague enough, save the one fact that should follow the letter in person by the first steamer. As I hurriedly sealed the missive, I pleased myself with the thought of the joy it would bring to that lonely island.

[illegible] Brenton waved his hand in triumph.

Toward noon I was moodily standing at the bow watching the floating ice, when Fairy Island, and calculating how long it would take to launch the deck-house of the village, were plain, visible; and lying at the wharf I could distinguish the outlines of a steamer from Chicago, and I anathematized my folly for not having gone by rail to that metropolis and taken the first boat from there, as Lake Michigan never freezes. For some time I had not designed to lose at my rival; I was enraged to think that he should have ruined my purpose and ruined my plans. The two boats kept steadily on together, now crushing easily through a floating mass of blocks, and now battering against a solid wall of ice, with the signal-bells sounding like mad. The two Captains stood on their respective decks, eagerly taking advantage of every available opening; now the Comet's great paddle-wheels revolved majestically and carried her along like a triumphal car, and then the officious little propeller would kick up her heels behind and come bustling up alongside, letting off steam and lashing the water asfuriously as a leviathan. At last the little monster shot ahead, and I was roused from my reverie by the sight of Brenton standing on the stern and pointing triumphantly to Fairy Island. Breathless with excitement I rushed to the captain.

"Five hundred dollars down!—I panted.

"What are you driving at?" young man.

"Five hundred dollars down if you will beat that propeller in," I exclaimed.

"Well, now, young man, that's a purty big sum. You must be mighty anxious about it."

"Five hundred down," I repeated.

"Well, now, the Comet's sheer off, for she's a cousin to mine, and he gives way. I guess it's a pint never to worry the local when there's nothing to be won by it, but, to tell the truth, I do admire to see her go myself, as a rule, so here your heart seems to be set on it, young man. I guess I'll do it."

"Ting, ting," went the bell, and away we shot, the great paddle-wheels revolving rapidly, sending the ice flying to the right and the left, and leaving the puffing propeller far behind. In my turn I stood on the stern and triumphantly saluted my adversary, even going so far as to make a trumpet of my hands and shout remorselessly, "And Cousin Dora?" at him as we surged ahead.

The powerful engine of the Comet did its utmost in my behalf, and in a short time we reached the open water, gliding swiftly toward the harbor, while our crestfallen adversary still floundered in the ice. The bay was full of Lake Michigan vessels, and the steamer I had seen, the Lady Elgin of Chicago, passed us as we approached the wharf, bound down for the lower lakes by the way we had just cut out for her. About 1 o'clock I handed the Captain his fee and jumped on to the dock at Fairy Island; without waiting a moment I started up the fort hill, slipping and falling on the icy lime-stone walk, and reaching the great gate in a bruised and strained condition. Hurrying across the smooth parade-ground, I ran up the stairs and knocked at the well-known door. "Come in," said a voice, and entering the little parlor I found the worthy chaplain in his arm-chair, but no sign of his pretty daughter.

"Why, Mr. Free, do my eyes deceive me, or is it yourself in person?" said the old gentleman, shaking me vigorously by the hand. "Ye're a trifle late, but I opine the ice detained ye."

"How is Miss Macpherson?" I asked.

"*Non est*, Sir—decidedly *non est*."

"I hope nothing serious has happened to her," I said, in some anxiety.

"Ha! ha! very good!—very good, indeed. But I'm sorry ye missed it, though; it was all over before twelve o'clock."

"Good heavens, Sir! what do you mean?"

"The wedding, to be sure. Didn't ye come for the wedding? It was done in a great hurry at the last, for all along the time was set for the 14th of June, but two days ago Bertha decided to be married at once. The first boat had come through, a schooner from C——, and when the child found that navigation was open she just anticipated the day and hurried off. May I offer you a glass of wine and some wedding-cake?"

"Thank you," I muttered, and swallowed a brimming glass to sustain myself, while the chaplain cut off a thick slice of plum-cake for my benefit. "They have just gone, then, Mr. and Mrs.——?" I beg pardon, the name has slipped my memory."

"Dunoon, lad—Roy McGregor Dunoon, a far-away cousin—changed since childhood brought us together, ye know. They have just gone on the Lady Elgin; ye must have passed them. Yes, the lassie has been engaged since childhood, but I'll not deny she had a turn for flirting. I have really been fearful at times lest she should do a thing to the young squire who came on here in the Summer, but she always assured me that there needed no fear, for she knew her own mind, and that she meant it all for their good."

"Very considerate!" I said, grimly.

The old man rambled on, and I sat mechanically drinking my wine in a state of angry bewilderment that I, the chivalrous knight-errant, should have meekly taken this dangerous journey, given up an important law-case, paid five hundred dollars down, and, alas! raised the smiles of lovely Kate Vanderheyden, only for the pleasure of making myself sick with Mrs. Roy McGregor Dunoon's indigestible wedding-cake. It was too much. The girl had evidently received my letter by the schooner, and deliberately planned this base manœuvre.

"She little knows what she missed," I soliloquized savagely, entirely ignoring the fact that I had no other motive for coming to Fairy Island than a victory over the conceited Brenton. The thought of his name gave me a gleam of comfort; if I was fooled, so was he, for this arrant little witch had evidently invited him for the 14th of June with the cool intention of marrying her long-legged cousin on the preceding day.

During these meditations my garrulous host had been entertaining me with a long account of Roy McGregor Dunoon's ancestors in the wild country, and having landed them safely in the mythological age, he came down to the present with the question, "I've been thinking, Mr. Free, that it is a little strange ye should have known of the wedding, when I myself was only informed of the change two days ago?" This was a rather embarrassing question, but just at the moment a knock was heard on the door, and as the chaplain called out "Come in," Warren Brenton entered, flushed with haste, and anger flashing in his eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Macpherson," I remarked, with a suave smile, "you probably remember Mr. Brenton, and will be sincerely sorry that he also is too late for the wedding;" and with the parting thrust I left him time to have his chagrin repaid for my discomfiture by the blank bewilderment of his countenance.

Going slowly down the horrible hill, and violently digging my boot-heels into the icy grass, I sought the dock again, and learned that another boat was coming up the Straits from Chicago. Seating myself on a dry goods box in the cold warehouse, I meditated dismally until the steamer reached the [illegible] duty was ingeniously delegated to some attendant villager. A poor shrew, a timid, half-frightened creature, some scene-shifter's daughter on probation, came forward as the orchestra struck up the symphony. An ancient muslin dress from the property-room set off with some tawdry pink bows, pinned on, no doubt, by trembling fingers, an old flower in her hair—these were her meagre decorations, while her mother, holding a shawl, could be seen at the wings. This did not promise well. But when, after commencing in trembling tones, she gathered courage, she sang the whole so simply and even tenderly, with such a simple purpose of doing the task set down for her, without hope of favor, or at best more than toleration, that such a burst of honest applause burst forth as had not rung through the old theatre that night. She shrank back in a sort of delighted alarm, but had to repeat her song to a tumultuous encore. The audience, with its never-failing instinct, understood the contrast with the artificial agonies at best there pertaining to. Here was something simple and unpretending and natural. Somehow the great lady did not seem so grand.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

CURIOUS WILLS.—In 1814, Lady Frances Wilson, daughter of the Earl of Aylesbury, was informed by Archbishop Potts, that a parishioner of his, named Wright, then lying dead at a poor lodging in Pimlico, had left her a valuable estate in Hampshire. The fair legatee ridiculed the idea, as she knew no such individual. However, she went to Pimlico, and recognized her deceased friend as a constant frequenter of the opera, who had annoyed her by continually staring at her there. One would naturally suppose that the friendless man had fallen in love with the lady, or been attracted, perhaps, by her resemblance to some lost love of his youth. There may have been some tender feeling in the case; but then, how are we to account for his leaving £4,000 to the Countess of Rosslyn, £4,000 to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and £1,000 to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—all of whom were ignorant of his existence. The worthy Archdeacon would have scouted the notion of the man being insane, for had he not proved himself in his right mind by leaving him £1,000, "as a mark of approbation of a sermon he had heard him preach." In 1772, a Monmouthshire squire left £20,000 to a laboring man to whom he would not speak while living. A Mr. Furstone left £9,000 to the first man bearing his surname who should produce and marry a female Furstone. This was one way for a lone man to provide himself with heirs; but we prefer the practice of honest George Watts of Stoke-Bishop, who, having no kinsman or kinswoman to whom he should bequeath sundry cottages of which he had by industry and self-denial made himself proprietor, left each of his humble tenants the cottage in which he lived.—*Chambers's Journal.*

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN OF THE LAST CENTURY.—Walter Lord Aston, grandfather to the present lord, married Lady Mary Weston. His father was many years Ambassador in Spain. The estate of Standon coming to him through his wife, a descendant of the great Sir Ralph Sadler, he removed thither, and there began his magnificent way of living. He had 101 persons in his family. The writer resided there for three or four months every Summer, from the time he was six until about his fourteenth year. The table was served with three courses, each of twenty dishes, and these were brought up by twenty men, who stamped up the great stair like thunder at every course. My Lord had four servants behind his chair. He was very curious in his wine; but first of all drank at one draught a whole quart, either of malt drink or wine and water, as a remedy for stone and gravel. At all the inns he lodged at in traveling they kept a quart glass called my Lord Aston's glass. Sir Edward Southcote saw one at the Altar Stone at Banbury not many years ago. The servants all dined together in the hall, and what wasted was thrown together into a tub, which two men took on their shoulders to the court gate, where every day forty or fifty poor people were served with it. When my Lord did not go hawking in the afternoon he always played at ombre with his two sons for an hour, and at four o'clock returned to a covered seat in his vineyard. There he had no fear, and none durst approach him. At five o'clock his chariot, with a pair of his six gray Flanders mares (the chariot was made so narrow that none could sit by him), took him "a trole" about the park for five or six miles. He returned at seven, and by eight would be in bed. He always lay in bed without pillow, bolster, or night-cap. Winter and Summer he rose at four, and entertained himself with books till it was time to go a-hunting or hawking at wild ducks. He would never allow any but hunted venison at his table. Every day but Sunday one buck was killed at the least, but most commonly a brace. He never made or returned any visit, the court and address of that country being made to him.

FLY-FISHING.—In regard to fly-fishing we have to chronicle what some consider only change, but what we regard as improvement. We are apparently on the brink of a revolution in the art. The opinion seems to be gaining ground that although the trout undoubtedly is one of the cleverest fish that swims, still it has been hitherto credited with far too great a knowledge of entomological science. The old theory that every lake and river required a different fly, and that some special imitation was specially suited to each day in the year, is being rapidly exploded. Mr. Skewart was the first distinguished angler who manfully proclaimed the utter worthlessness of nineteen-twentieths of the contrivances of our fishing tackle manufacturers. Mr. Pennell, who is a veritable red republican in this respect, recommends the use of only three flies for trout all the year round—a green, a yellow, and a brown, the size of the fly alone being varied. We are inclined to believe that if Mr. Pennell would add two more flies to his list—a black and a dun, his view would be substantially correct. For the angler to imitate any particular natural fly is in general useless. If trout be observed feeding they will not be seen to evince a special taste for any particular insect. Of course there are times when the great majority of the flies which the trout see for several days are of one species, with marked characteristics, and an imitation of this may for a time be specially killing. At a particular period of the year more trout can be killed with the green-drake than with any other fly. But taking an average of all the days of the angling season, we are convinced from experience that more fish may be killed by adopting the general principles of Mr. Stewart and Mr. Pennell and employing only five or six different flies, than by using all the ingenious combinations of furs, silks and feathers, to which some anglers of the old school still pin their faith. Whatever differences of opinion there may be with regard to the ideas which salmon have formed about the angler's lure, there can be no doubt that trout mistake the artificial fly for a natural one. It is the angler's interest to keep up this delusion. Anything which goes to keep it up is useful, anything which does not is the reverse. The true theory of trout fly-fishing seems to us to depend on simple principles. The first requisite for an orator is audibility, and the first requisite for a trout fly is visibility. If the trout fails to see the fly it manifestly cannot be caught by means of it. Hence the size and brilliancy of color of flies must be increased for deep waters, dark weather and dark days to such an extent as will insure their being seen by the fish. In the second place the trout should not be able to see the fly distinctly enough to detect its artificial nature. Its size and color must then be so selected as to make it just visible. Thirdly, the fly should be as fly-like as possible. It should, therefore, be dressed on fine transparent gut. No natural fly has a long white appendage resembling the thread of gut by which some would-be anglers attach their flies to the casting-line. For much-faded rivers flies tied on coarse gut are useless, and worse. The man who employs them will catch nothing himself, and will largely spoil the sport of those who use proper tackle. Fourthly, the body of the fly should be small; the great majority of insects are of slender, graceful make. Finally, the transparent hackles should not be too great, and they should be so soft as to move readily with the motion of the water. The trout doubtless supposes the angler's imitation to be a drowning insect, and the hackles should, by their number and movements resemble as far as possible, the quivering legs and wings of a drowning fly. Attention to minutiæ of form and color, and attempted imitations of particular insects, are practically useless. Anyone can prepare a fly which will take trout, if he will only bear in mind that trout are not to be caught by means of any one particular fly, but that they will take any fly which they see, if it be presented to them in a manner which they like. The fly must be made to move in the water in such a way as to attract the attention of the fish, and then it must be so presented that they will see it and be induced to take it. The great difficulty is to make the fish see the fly. The trout that scrutinizes your fly so closely as to perceive your tasteful combinations of dyed feathers and tinsel, in their finer effects, may admire your ingenuity, but will not help to fill your basket.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC.—One of the few secret roads which lead the soul to her deliverance from the wastes and deserts of life had long remained undetected by the pathfinders of humanity. At the end of that road a world lay hidden. When Beethoven appeared it was as though a great veil had been rent, and this hidden world was immediately revealed to every eye. Then it was that music for the first time spoke to us in her own language. Till then she had spoken almost every language but her own. Her life upon earth had been the life of a handmaid and a hireling. Religion had employed her now and then in its services and ceremonies to stimulate a sentiment which, on the whole could afford to dispense with her assistance. Frivolity was more exacting; yet, after all, the dance required of her little more than a rhythmic cadence to a well-marked tune. Even her nominal temple, the Opera, was often a house of bondage, to which she was admitted rather as a servant to the human voice than as a goddess of the human soul. Girls sang at their spinning-wheels; drankards at the tavern, and at the banquets of princes conversational plasterers were mercifully drowned in floods of harmony. And all this was music, no doubt. But it was music accompanying something else, and purely accessory to something else—music with divine service, music with dancing, music with singing, with talking, and eating, and drinking; music secondary and subservient to whatever else could furnish it with a pretext and excuse. The muse of music, however, is *bonne fille*. Whatever you ask of her she does; and does so well, indeed, that, times out of mind, devotees have forgotten their breviaries and chaplets, maidens their spinning-wheels, and all sorts of people have felt themselves inexplicably affected in all sorts of ways, under the sorcery of her simplest spells. One man, at last, divined that under the disguise of a servant she was concealing the divinity of a goddess; and thus man resolved to know her as she is. If you listen to that symphony in C-minor you hear with a mystic thrill his blows upon the bronze door of music's secret. That door yielded open wide to his audacious summons, and behind it he found music in her own home. There, she appeared quite otherwise than when she was running about the streets at the easy-of those who condescended to employ her without asking many questions as to her character, of wandering romances *à la mode* in fashionable drawing-rooms. There, she spoke authoritatively in her own divine language—a language like no other, and fail of images derived exclusively from a world of her own; a language whose function is not to translate, but to reveal. What is spoken in this language cannot by any possibility be otherwise spoken. And, as Beethoven was the first who dared to interrogate music directly, the first who forced her to speak out in her natural character, so he was also the first who had the courage or the humility to efface completely his own personality in the presence he had evoked, in order not to interrupt or pervert the utterance of the goddess. He simply listened, understood, and repeated what he heard. The Greeks, whose instinctive sense of beauty always guided them in the direction of truth, have transmitted to us an image of music, which is profoundly significant. They represented the Muse Polyhymnia in the attitude of a listener.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

CHARACTER OF HEINRICH HEINE.—The character of Heine has often been misunderstood by students of his poetry, and no wonder—it presents so many contradictions. "Never was nature composed of more varied elements," says Théophile Gautier. "He was at once gay and sad, skeptical and believing, tender and cruel, sentimental and mocking, classic and romantic, German and French, debonair and cynical, enthusiastic and cold-blooded—everything but tiresome." He puzzled his contemporaries all the more because in his moments of excitement he was apt to throw out wild notions of his own character and motives, which were by no means to be taken too seriously; such as his declaration that poetry had been to him but a divine plaything, that he wished to be known only as a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity, and that he was indifferent to poetic fame. Such assertions as these have to be weighed in the balance with the general tenor of his life and his writings before we can ascertain their true value. As an appendix to the second French edition of his book on Germany, he wrote a paper called *Aveu de Poésie*, from which may be obtained many valuable revelations of his own character and ideas—revelations fully corroborated by his correspondence and his other works. In this paper he declares himself pre-eminently the poet. While he considered the emancipation of the people to be the great work of his life, he was yet careful to avoid the slightest contact with the masses, and forsook his atheistical friends, he confesses, not only out of disgust with their irreligion, but because he was afraid of their more or less occult alliance with Communism. He loved the people, but he loved them at a distance, to use his own words. A furious Democrat of his own country told him that if his hand had been so unfortunate as to touch that of a King, he would hold it in the fire to purify it. Heine answered that if his hand had come in contact with the sovereign people's, he should most certainly wash it.—*Lippincott's.*

FATTENING ANIMALS.—Numerous experiments have been made on geese, ducks, pigeons, &c., which go to prove that these animals accumulate much more fat than can be accounted for by the quantity present in the food. M. Flourens had the bears in the J

THE BRIGAND MASSACRE.

The circumstances attending the painful tragedy generally known as the "Marathon massacre," are familiar to most readers, and the following extracts from a paper on the subject from the pen of Charles T. Tuckerman, in the August number of *Harper's*, throws some additional light on the part the Greek Government played in the affair, and will be found interesting reading." Briefly stated, the occurrence was as follows:

On Monday, the 11th of April, at about six o'clock in the morning, a party consisting of Lord and Lady Muncaster, Mr. Herbert, Secretary of the British Legation; Mr. Vyner, a brother of Lady De Grey; Mr. Lloyd, an English barrister, with his wife and their little girl of five years; Count De Boyl, Secretary of the Italian Legation, with an Italian servant and a Greek courier, left the hotel at Athens in two carriages, for an excursion to the battle-field of Marathon. There was nothing extraordinary in the fact of such an excursion, as hundreds of foreigners make it yearly, and no precaution is required on their part beyond a notification by the resident foreign Minister to the authorities who at once furnish a military escort, free of charge. In this instance the carriages were preceded by two mounted gendarmes, and followed by two others. A detachment of foot-soldiers and a patrol were met along the road, and in part accompanied the cavalcade. After spending two or three hours at Marathon they set out on their return to Athens at about two o'clock in the afternoon. As the party approached the bridge of Pikermes, twelve or fourteen miles from the city, they were suddenly fired at from the brush-wood bordering the road, and at the first discharge the two *gendarmes* in front fell from their horses, badly wounded. The carriages then stopped, and the whole party were compelled to alight. They found themselves surrounded by a band of brigands in the Albanian costume—jackets and fustanelle—armed with revolvers and muskets, and numbering by count twenty-one persons, mostly young and athletic men. The captives were immediately hurried up the side of the mountain — Pentelicus — the ladies and little girl being placed on the horses belonging to the wounded *gendarmes*, the rest being on foot, and the brigands surrounding their prisoners. As the party retreated up the mountain, a fire was opened upon them by the soldiers at not more than fifty yards' distance, but as it became evident to their prisoners that a continuous attack would endanger the lives of the foreigners, the engagement was discontinued, and the brigands with their prisoners made good their escape. After a rapid walk of two hours, during which, as Lord Muncaster told me, the brigands were exceedingly hilarious, dancing and laughing over the unexpected booty which they had made of the "lordies," and talking with their prisoners, one of whom spoke Greek, in a manner which disarmed fears of any personal harm, the party came to a halt at the top of the mountain, and the ladies were informed by the Chiefs that they and the little girl could return to Athens, as their longer presence was regarded as an impediment to the long marches and changes of locality which are essential to evade pursuit. These, consequently, retraced their steps, together with the coachmen, who were captured with the party, to the road, where the carriages had been left, and in which they returned to the city, arriving at a late hour the same evening.

The ladies were the bearers of notes from the gentlemen of the party with the terms of the ransom, which were fixed at £32,000 sterling (subsequently reduced to £25,000.) The brigands also sent a threatening message to the Greek Government at Athens, to the effect that if any attempt was made to send soldiers in pursuit or to alarm the country, the lives of the foreigners would be in danger.

The consternation produced in Athens by the news of the capture pervaded all classes. The news of the capture was soon followed by full information as to the character of the band. It originally consisted of twenty-eight brigands, almost exclusively natives of Turkey, (Vallachs,) speaking the Greek language, and inhabiting Thessaly. The chiefs were two brothers, Takos and Christos Arvanitaki. It penetrated into the province of Phthiotis, from the Turkish frontier, near the middle of January, the news producing in Athens the greatest alarm. The band was soon discovered and attacked by a flying column of the Greek soldiers at Lividia, who wounded and captured one of the outlaws, the rest effecting their escape. After three days' flight they encamped at a place called Paralimni, where, perceiving at a distance another Greek military detachment, they again fled. Near Thebes the soldiers came up with them, and succeeded in killing three more, and taking two wounded prisoners. The remaining twenty-one were subsequently traced from place to place, but eventually secured retreats in the mountains of Megara, and were not again heard of until the early part of April, when they suddenly appeared in the environs of the village of Pikermes, on the road to Marathon, and committed the act of brigandage of which I now speak.

At the time of this capture the King, Queen and Court, with the Prime Minister, were making an excursion among the Greek Islands. His Majesty was met with the sad news on his return to the Piræus, and from that moment did all that lay in his royal power to forward the necessary measures for the release of the prisoners, even expressing his willingness to the English Minister to place his own person as a hostage, if necessary, to secure the lives of the foreigners.

About noon on the third day after the capture, Lord Muncaster made his appearance at Athens, having been released by the brigands *on parole*, in order to obtain the ransom-money, "or a free pardon," for the brigands. There was, of course, no less of time in arranging for the money, and the amount of £25,000, in gold coin, was packed in boxes ready at the Bank for delivery, when an unexpected turn was given to the affair by a message from the brigand Chief to the effect that they would accept nothing less than the "money and amnesty," viz., a free pardon for themselves and the previously captured members of the band then in the prison at Athens.

To grant a pardon without trial was impossible. The Greek Constitution expressly limited the pardoning power of the King to cases of political offenders. All other criminals could only be pardoned after condemnation by a legally-constituted tribunal.

Embassies were accordingly sent on the part of the Greek Government and of the British Minister at Athens to induce the brigand chiefs to modify their terms. The chiefs were, however, obstinate, made the more so by letters and messages from their "kumbaros," or companions outside, advising them to "be firm," and their demands would eventually be granted. While these serious and unsatisfactory negotiations were going on, the condition of the unfortunate foreigners was not improving. They were moved about from place to place; and, although the brigands appear to have treated them with all the courtesy of which their nature is capable, and to have provided, so far as their rough life permitted, for the physical well-being of the prisoners, allowing them also to correspond continually with their friends in Athens and receive food and clothing from them, yet they suffered greatly from their forced exposure, exposure to rain and cold, and from the ceaseless mental anxiety, which was increased rather than lessened by their negotiation. Yet all was not hopeless for them. They had many days of fine weather, and a degree of mental diversion, arising from the loss of one of Mr. Herbert's note-book of Mr. Lloyd's.

But, notwithstanding the conflict of arguments, political chess, and irritating advice on the part of the Greek Government, matters did not go far enough as far as to counsel the granting of an amnesty to those wretches, which would not only have been a shameless violation of the Constitution, but a virtual legalization of brigandage throughout the kingdom. No Greek acquainted with the Constitution of his country had the temerity to propose this, even as a forlorn hope. The blow of doing so was assumed by Lord Granville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who sent three messages by telegram from the Foreign Office, at London—subsequently confirming them by written dispatches to the British Minister at Athens—empowering him to say to the Greek Government that "Her Majesty's Government [illegible]

[illegible] hoped that [illegible] rather than allow the lives of the captives to be sacrificed, [illegible] national risk," and he declared "that the British Government would not accept as an excuse for the commission of [illegible] crime for the perpetration of another, pardon could not be extended to the brigands," and "that her Majesty's Government considered that they were justified in calling on the Greek Government to consent to any measure for the release of the prisoners." These messages were not received at Athens until after the perpetration of the tragedy which ended the eventful history.

It is a little singular that while his Lordship at the Foreign Office was impressing upon the Greek Government, in the name of Her Majesty, the grave consequences with which they might be visited in case the prisoners were not rescued, even at the price of a violation of the Constitution, the English Minister at Athens was urging the brigand chief, by a written communication, not to insist upon an amnesty "which the Government had not the power to grant," and poor Herbert, a prisoner in their hands, was explaining to the Arvanitaki that "the amnesty was impossible," and the Secretary of the British Legation at Athens was saying the same thing in a letter published in the *Levant Herald*.

As the days rolled wearily on, and the preposterous demands of the Arvanitaki began to be accompanied by impatient threats, the emissaries gave up all hopes of accomplishing their mission, and the prisoners lost heart. Under these distressing circumstances the Greek Government, with the approval of the English and Italian Ministers, determined to adopt a more stringent policy, and to try the effects of fear upon the outlaws. An express promise had been made to the brigands that they should not be molested where they then were; but when the former grave intimation that unless their terms were complied with they should move toward the frontier with their prisoners, it was decided to send a body of troops as farm a cordon around the encampment, not for the purpose of attacking, but to prevent the removal of the band. It was supposed that the soldiers, marching steadily and stealthily forward, could accomplish their purpose before any suspicion of the movement induced a change of position on the part of the brigands. But the order was also given to "prevent" the departure of the band with their prisoners, should they attempt it. Now, for soldiers to "prevent" an enemy from making a retreat means action, and military action against brigands with prisoners in their hands means death to the latter.

The prisoners themselves seem to have anticipated the result of a military movement, as appears in passages from notes written by some of them only the day before the fatal ending, but which were not received at Athens until an hour or two of the time when the frightful drama was being enacted.

Mr. Herbert writes, with that Christian fortitude and gentleness of character for which he was distinguished:

"If things do not look brisk, I do not see that they can be altered, so that we have but to make the best of them. If the Government could grant those terms, I believe we should be all right. If not, our only chance is that when they know the troops are sent out in force in Beotia they may wish to save their lives. For the present I do not think we run much risk unless we meet the soldiers, and in that case we shall have the satisfaction of believing that they will not go unpunished."

Later in the day came another note from poor Herbert, which clearly shows that the military movement was, as least, premature:

"I think no" (the brigand chief) "has some seconds for saying he could not be attacked after the promise made to him, though civilly they say that promise should not be held without limits. We are to move today, but only to a village a quarter of an hour distant on the other side of the river, and I do not suppose we shall be attacked there."

The village to which Herbert referred is Sykaisi, a hamlet, and the river between it and Oropos, where the brigands then were, is the classic Asopus.

The road is lined and the spaces on either side are thick with brushwood, through which, avoiding the open road, the brigands proceeded with their prisoners on the afternoon of the 21st of April. Before the start on that day, young Vyner addressed the following touching letter to his friend Lord Muncaster, at Athens. The letter did not reach Athens until after the news of the fatal tragedy which followed.

"The messenger has arrived, and has, in conjunction with Noel, had a lengthened interview with the Chief. The result is unfavorable. The Chief has said to Noel that he will keep us safe for three or four months; but, of course, the soldiers being so close has done away with our security, and as the Government treats with the troops as more docile, they will kill us at once.

"There is one thing they would agree to, namely, that a formal trial should be held here, and that they should be pardoned afterward. This does not seem illegal. Thank the King and his Ministers on my behalf for their kindness, and say that I do not ask (for I am powerless) or do that, but for my sake, as a dying man, I implore them humbly to grant this request of the brigands, and to prevent the operations of the soldiers; as, if not, we must die in a day or two, besides the needless bloodshed that would ensue. The Government official regards our position beyond all hope, so that we must trust to God alone. I am very, very sorry for what you should do. Pray for your unfortunate but affectionate friend,

FREDERICK VYNER."

It is said that, when the news of the death of Vyner was communicated to the brigand chief Takos, he shed tears. The young Englishman had won the friendship of the chief during his captivity, and the two had sometimes engaged in athletic sports—running, throwing the quoit, &c.

From the various accounts of the occurrences which followed I select a portion only of that of the English commander, Hetham, who officially visited the locality a short time subsequent to the tragedy:

"On the 19th and 20th of April Takos seems to have been kind in manner toward his prisoners, but changed after his meeting with Col. Tricoupis. It was then he seemed to take an angry tone, so much so that on the morning of the 21st, was added suspicion, he permitting no one to leave the village of Oropos without satisfying himself of their destination and business. About 2½ P. M. of that day the brigands left Oropos for Sykami in two parties, each within five minutes of the other, the women saying good-bye to the inhabitants and telling them they would be back on the next Sunday.

"The band and prisoners arrived at Sykami between 3½ and 4 o'clock, having been delayed a long time crossing the river Asopus, owing to a heavy freshet. After they had been in the village from a quarter to half an hour, the sentinels reported to the chief, about sunset, a force coming down over the range on the opposite side of the river, gave the alarm, shouting out some word, the meaning of which I could not get accurately translated into English, but which would seem to imply, 'We are betrayed,' or surrounded. Takos, his band and prisoners immediately started off toward Delisi, taking with them thirteen peasants, who all managed to escape, as it was only intended that one carrying away of these men was to prevent the troops firing upon them.

About a quarter of an hour after the brigands had left the village the troops crossed the river, some at the foot of the village, others farther up. The brigands then seem to have taken the most direct course for Delisi, pursuing due diverging toward the sea, probably with the intention of retracing their steps through the valley of the Asopus, and so baffling their pursuers. In the last gully before reaching the plain of Delisi, the body of Mr. Herbert was found, about 300 yards from the beach, and not far from the large house at Delisi. It was lying few yards from the foot-path leading up the ravine into the brush. The country round here is covered with small thick cane-wood, arbutus and small pine. The body was lying face downward on a small bank, and when discovered he was still quite warm, and expired almost immediately. The spot is visible directly over the spot from the house at Delisi.

"In a parallel line to the sea, about 400 yards from Mr. Herbert's body, they deposited their second victim, Mr. Edward Lloyd. He also was lying on a small bank, quite dead. This must have occurred at about 5 P. M., as the parties were divided, one party, under Takos, taking the direct road to the sea (Mr. Vyner and Count De Boyl,) choosing the path leading to Skimatari; the other party, under Christos, (who was shortly afterward killed,) keeping parallel to the beach. Following Takos' party up the valley, we found the place where the prisoners of some time in Skimatari, and turned so as to leave that place on their left, making toward Deumisi. About a mile after leaving the valley, four miles from Delisi, and about three from Skimatari, was discovered the body of Mr. Vyner, and at about 100 yards north-east of him lay the unfortunate Count De Boyl. Both had been killed just before dark. Very shortly after this occurrence all pursuit was stopped by night coming on, with heavy rain."

The question of who fired first—the brigands upon the soldiers, or the soldiers upon the brigands—has never been satisfactorily settled, nor does it much matter. It is certain, however, that when the pursuing soldiers witnessed the death of the first victims (and they were dispatched only when the brigands perceived that they could no longer keep pace with them in their flight,) they could not restrain their indignation, and, without waiting for orders, fired upon the brigands, one, with unanimously, overtook and captured others. The result of the conflict was that seven of the brigands [illegible]

[illegible] Christos, [illegible] killed, and [illegible] rest, with the other chief, Takos, made good their escape over the frontier into Thessaly. Of the twenty-one originally [illegible] twelve only remained in the hands of the Turkish authorities. An inquiry subsequently stated that the head "was not mutilated" at the village of Kolizzi, in the Turkish province. Since then it has been heard from in various parts of the country, and both the Ottoman and Greek Governments have offered large rewards for the head of Takos, the dashing leader of the band of miscreants, but every effort to kill or to take him has proved unavailing. His followers are faithful to their chief, and the chief himself too wary to be entrapped.

The bodies of the unfortunate foreigners were brought to Athens, and received all the funeral honors which a heart-stricken community could pay them. And the victims were worthy of the royal and civic honors paid to their mutilated remains. They died, as the noble Vyner foretold, "bravely, as Englishmen should do."

Two heads of the seven brigands killed in the conflict near Delisi were brought to Athens, and displayed on a scaffolding erected for at once place near the city, amid the execrations of the crowd.

The trial of the captured brigands, including three of the seven band subsequently confined in the prison at Athens, was most painfully interesting affair. The Court was crowded with spectators, many from the best classes of society, and the proceedings were conducted with all the solemnity of law. The brigand prisoners, weak with their wounds, were brought into the Court-room on litters, producing a lively impression. A sketch of the scene, drawn by one of the English barristers present, appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. During their confinement in jail I was permitted to confer with them, and, in company with Colonel Tricoupis, was shut up with them in a cell. On my asking the most intelligent of the three who were captured in the conflict why the foreigners were treated so inhumanly, he threw his arms out in the fashion of a nurse, and exclaimed, "Inhumanly! we treated them like babies; whereupon his companions, making the same gesture, repeated the words, "Yes, like babies." "And why did you murder them in your flight?" "Ah," he answered, "when shots are flying thick and fast about one's head, one does not know exactly what he does."

The five condemned brigands were executed by guillotine at Athens on the 20th of June. They met their well-merited death with firmness, but elicited no particle of sympathy from the spectators.

The terrible massacre of the four foreigners plunged not only Athens but all Greece into the deepest mortification and affliction. In England the news of the capture had, in the first instance, created no excitement. The London *Times* pronounced it a "comedietta," and that "beyond the payment of the ransom-money there was scarcely any element of unpleasantness, and certainly none of danger, in the transaction. It was a customary incident of the Spring." But no sooner was the "comedietta" at Marathon turned into a tragedy by the employment of military measures, that a feeling of anger was produced in England, which vented itself in the most bitter and unjust denunciations against the whole Greek nation. The London journals declared Greece to be "a country whose political system is anarchy, and whose staple industry is brigandage;" "a miserable failure, and a positive nuisance to Europe;" "the home of ruffians, and the den of assassins."

As time threw light upon the history of events, and a better understanding of the matter cleared the Greek Government and people of the infamous charges laid at their feet, public opinion was modified; and although there has never been made one generous retraction of these charges, silence has given assent to the idea that they were unsupported by facts.

A GOOD MAN'S SACRIFICES.

Mr. Sibley's Gift to Phillips Exeter Academy.

A speech of much feeling and interest was made by Mr. John L. Sibley, the Librarian of Harvard College, at the recent anniversary of Phillips Exeter Academy. The *College Courant* gives the following account: "This gentleman was made known to the Alumni as the donor, from his small estate, of the sum of $18,000 to increase the charity scholarships of the institution. For several years, since this gift began to be made, Mr. Sibley has succeeded in keeping it secret, but it has become known to so many persons that he finally consented to make it known at this gathering. The speech on which he told the story will never be forgotten by those who heard it, for its touching pathos and the sense of obligation to his Alma Mater which it displayed. He disclaimed any credit for the act which he said was suggested by his father—a hard-working farmer of Hollis, near Portland—who, having had to acquire learning for himself, but who, riding through Exeter in 1797 and seeing the school-boys in the Academy yard, resolved he would educate his son there, and sent him twenty years later to be a scholar on the foundation, while he continued to toil for the support of his family in the Maine woods. Mr. Sibley's mother was proud of the Academy as it then was of his classmates, his delight in his studies, and the joy with which his father heard of his progress. Years afterward, when all his father's family had died, except the old man and himself, and his father wished to dispose of his little property, he said "he must remember Exeter;" and gave him sufficient to pay the expenses. Mr. Sibley added a hundred or two more and sent it. Then when his father spoke of bequeathing the rest of his property to him, he asked him if he would not give it to Exeter, and his father told him to do what he pleased with it. So after his father's death he added $18,000, the amount of the inheritance, and transferred to the trustees, to be invested, under certain conditions, for the benefit of poor scholars. Afterward he had acquired $6,000 more, and invested that here, too—and now it has grown to be $18,000. And if the case of the Alumni would make a New-Year's present next January to their Alma Mater, he would add $2,000 more. Unlike the Sibley Country Fund, Mr. Sibley is not an orator, nor has he had the reputation of great liberality, so that his speech, rich in natural eloquence and emotion, and his generous gift were equally a surprise and a delight to all who heard him. Some touching passage in his pitiful story, very characteristic of the kindness of a few of those present, added to the emotion with which he was heard, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the audience as he made his confession."

The National Sailors' Home at Quincy, Mass.

The Trustees of the National Sailors' Home, at Quincy, Mass., with several invited guests, visited that institution on Thursday. After viewing the premises, they sat down to dinner, and Hon. Alexander H. Rice addressed them. The Boston *Transcript* says that he gave a brief history of the institution, one purely of private enterprise, claiming no aid from state or National Treasuries, and today supporting sixty maimed, sick or indigent seamen from the navy. Very strongly he alluded to the bequest of the late Miss Celia Ann Howard, of New-Bedford, amounting, interest added, to some $60,000. He referred to the increasing number of beneficiaries, and the intent to make as nearly a military institution not a hospital, but a home, with comforts for the naval sailor and marine. During the past year the residents numbered seventy-eight, which number is considerably lessened by those absent upon furlough or elsewhere. Only one death has taken place among the inmates. The farm is rapidly improving, gives the year a revenue double that of last. This, added to the interest of the fund, ($14,187 22,) covers all outlay in the way of annual expense. The stock, fowl, vegetables, fruit and the crops are looking lively, and it is believed the Home will be entirely self-supporting. The full number for which it is intended, will accommodate 210 persons. Mr. Joshua Coffin is Superintendent of the institution, and the following-named gentlemen are of the Board of Trustees: Hon. Alexander H. Rice, President; William Parsons, Treasurer; Collector Russell, Charles J. Morrill, Jos. L. Lincoln, Commodore Shubrick and Peter Butler.

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THE NEW-ROCHELLE CAMP MEETING.

It will not add a Christian one received from the mouth of Bedlam, like a thousand guilty tongues. Long years ago it was a place of resort for the rough people who now embrace it, and really had a great for the village children to amuse themselves upon. It is now thickly covered by noble homes, which remind a spectator as poor perhaps as any in the world. Whenever a bad season threatens the entire loss of the indigent city district is pretty sure to come to the aid of the sufferer, and what has tended so much to prevent the mitigation of the distress in the circumstance that there are scarcely any persons of wealth in the parish.

A continuous existence of dull and scantily remunerated toil is the lot of the inhabitants. The parks, the palaces and institutions of the West End are as unknown to thousands among them as the lonely avenues of Central Park. From January to December their life is one long monotone of labor, unrelieved by brighter influences.

Fortunately for these poor people, a broad church benevolence of remarkable energy was some ten years ago appointed rector of this district. Rev. Septimus Hansard, a son of the "Parliamentary Debates," was emphatically the right man in the right place. He threw into his work all the force of a most forcible character, and great results have arisen.

Sydney Smith asked, "Who would have believed had he been told twenty-five years ago that country gentlemen would in the present day have been able to write, and, in many instances, even to spell correctly? A fortune-teller who would have believed a quarter of a century since that in 1872 the heir to the throne and his bride would go in state six miles from St. James' to the purlieus of the East End to open a museum of art in which might be found the most exquisite collection of pictures and *objets d'art* in the British Empire. Yet all this has been brought to pass by the energy of Mr. Hansard and his coadjutors.

For some time those whose experience has given them the deepest insight into the wants of the poorest classes in London have clearly seen that to raise their minds and lift them from the grovelling thoughts which their poverty and hardness of life necessarily engender, a taste of the beautiful must be afforded. One East End clergyman declared that nobody in his parish had done so much toward humanizing his flock as a gentleman who distributed chromo-lithographs of beautiful scenery. It is notorious that the pictures which sell best in crowded cities are those of hill and dale, rocky headlands and roaring waves. Go into the heart of those vast labyrinths of brick which make up London and Manchester, examine the pictures in the stores of great dealers of such wares, and you cannot fail to be struck with the fact that the majority of them are of the description. So with the poor man, he hobbies of the green fields and seen them in his mind's eye.

Keenly alive to such elevating influences, Mr. Hansard achieved the Herculean feat of persuading the Government to found a sort of branch of the South Kensington Museum in Bethnal Green, and their admirable man, Sir Richard Wallace, has lent the whole of the late Marquis of Hertford's matchless collection to give a stimulus to the new institution. Presently those dingy streets will resound with unaccustomed wheels, fair women and gay dresses; the rank and the beauty of the patrician world will be sweeping down with all the bravery of coronetted barouches, high stepping steeds, and plumed and powdered giants, to see those treasures of art which a selfish voluptuary had for thirty years hidden away in his deserted mansions.

We, too, have our Bethnal Green. What are we doing to diffuse it—to instil some taste notions of the loveliness of art and its refining and elevating influences? We have a Metropolitan Museum of Art. Who knows where it is, except a choice few specially interested in such subjects? Who can get access to it? Only that chosen few and their friends. Is it likely to have much influence on the masses as at present conducted? It is absolutely useless.

The only way to make such a place really of service here is to open it in the evenings, and on Sundays after 3 o'clock. We are well aware that the museum is at present in an ordinary house, and that the accommodation is limited, but under proper police restrictions this is immaterial. As to saying that there would be danger to the pictures if the public was indiscriminately admitted, we simply don't believe it. Our public is quite as good as the British public; and if Bethnal Green can be trusted to look as the treasures of Lord Hertford, such of our humbler citizens as would be likely to wish to see our museum may reasonably be trusted to look at such pictures as it contains. On certain days and evenings twenty-five cents might be charged for admission, which would have the effect of assisting the very slender resources of the Art Museum of the greatest port in the world, whose citizens when ever esthetics are concerned, lag behind those of fifth-rate continental cities, and only come to the foremost front in point of dollars. The success of the Metropolitan Museum of Art depends on the public, and its promoters are not going the right way to arouse for the undertaking the interest and pride of the community at large by adopting the system of limitation and exclusion.

A FATAL AFFRAY.

A Quarrel Over a Game-Fight—A Man Stabbed with a Pocket-Knife—Death Shortly Ensues.

Coroner Keenan was requested yesterday to hold an inquest in the case of James Cloonan, a native of Ireland, thirty years of age, late of No. 206 East Thirty-sixth-street, who died at Bellevue Hospital, from the effects of a stab wound in the groin, received on the 12th inst., at the hands of Jas. Finlan, during a fracas in the liquor-store of Michael Fay, at Thirty-ninth-street and Second-avenue. The altercation, during which Cloonan was stabbed, grew out of a dog-fight, which occurred on the 4th inst. It appears that Cloonan and a neighbor named Patrick McDermott, both owning bulldogs, and to test the merits of the rival canines a fight was arranged to come off between the animals at Dutchtilla, Long Island, on the 4th of July. As the dogs were about to commence the contest for superiority, James and Patrick Finlan, brothers, who had some money depending on the result of the encounter, sprang into the pit. To this proceeding Cloonan objected, and refused to allow his dog to be handled, whereupon James Finlan threatened to rip Cloonan open after they got back to the city. The Finlans were, however, compelled to withdraw from the pit, and the fight proceeded. No further trouble occurred until on the evening of the 12th inst., Cloonan was requested to be present at Fay's drinking-saloon, at which place the bets and stakes were to be paid over. Cloonan, unsuspicious of danger, repaired to the place indicated, and found the Finlans and a number of others interested in the canine contest assembled. One of the Finlans produced a quarter cent, Cloonan and a dispute ensued, during which James Finlan drew a pocket-knife and plunged it into Cloonan's left groin, inflicting a terrible wound. At this time one Patrick Finlan, friend of deceased, and attempted to smash in over Cloonan's head, but was prevented by one of the bystanders. Cloonan was taken to Bellevue Hospital and remained there, until yesterday, when death ensued. James Finlan fled immediately after the stabbing, and is still at large, although the most strenuous efforts are being made to capture him. His brother was arrested soon after the occurrence, and he is detained in the Mercer-street Station-house. Finlan the murderer, is represented by the Police as being a dangerous character, who had been previously once tried in several shooting and cutting affrays. Cloonan was a married man, and leaves a widow and three small children.

The Rockaway-Street Mystery.

The mystery surrounding the discovery, on Friday evening, of a metallic coffin containing a human body, in front of the store No. 42 Rockaway-street, has been satisfactorily cleared up. The remains were those of Mr. Ferdinand Flake, editor of the Galveston Bulletin, of Galveston, Texas, who had come North for the benefit of his health, and died at New-London, Conn., on Thursday. It was the wish of deceased that his remains should be taken to Galveston, Texas, for interment, and his body was therefore placed in a metallic coffin, inclosed in a pine box, and sent to the City for expenses by the Galveston steamer. The clerk of the steamer refused to receive the remains, until a short time previous to the hour of sailing yesterday, and it was therefore brought back to the store of Thomas Sanderson & Wilson, who made a report of the circumstances. Only one death has taken place among the crew of the steamer during her service. This, added to the interest of the fund, ($14,187 22,) covers all outlay in the way of annual expense. The stock, fowl, vegetables, fruit and the crops are looking lively, and it is believed the Home will be entirely self-supporting. The full number for which it is intended, will accommodate 210 persons. Mr. Joshua Coffin is Superintendent of the institution, and the following-named gentlemen are of the Board of Trustees: Hon. Alexander H. Rice, President; William Parsons, Treasurer; Collector Russell, Charles J. Morrill, Jos. L. Lincoln, Commodore Shubrick and Peter Butler.

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A CHAPTER ON POST-OFFICES.

These steady gray granite pillars which, day after day and one after another, show themselves to us above the boarding which, with its motley collection of ultimately advertisements, surrounds what is already spoken of the future Metropolitan Post-office, silently speak to us of the great and almost incomprehensible strides of commerce. For, after all, commerce is the true guide and significant patron of the letter-post—as that very useful organization was called by our forefathers. Young indeed who have not yet got beyond practical allusions to their favorites on St. Valentine's Day, will perhaps be a little surprised to learn that their love-sick missives do not increase the amount of matter passing through the Post-office to the same extent as does a sudden rise in gold, a fall in the cotton market, or an unfavorable telegram with regard to the negotiations for the settlement of the Alabama claims. It is very probable that when Miss Royale, the daughter of the Huguenot Henri Quartre, built the Valentine Palace at Tulia, and inaugurated the custom of sending love tokens on the 14th of February, the wit and propriety of which have both been harmoniously discussed for centuries, the leaguerly Postmasters at those times were so little put about by the sudden increase of business on St. Valentine's Day. So also, no doubt, the Greek and Roman warriors of old were a little awkward in transmitting dispatches from the seat of war.

The Post-office of our time is the natural growth of circumstances—it was not a discovery, an invention, or the result of a sudden thought. It has grown with the world. Both Herodotus and Zenophon speak of the Persians having stations where dispatches were received from the army by one courier and immediately sent off in the care of another. Ancient historians vary in according to Cyrus or Xerxes the credit of having first inaugurated this courier system. We learn, too, from Suetonius that some such arrangement was in vogue among the Romans in the time of Augustus. The first we hear of any such system in modern Europe was in the days of Charlemagne. He had a corps of courier messengers, whose duty consisted solely in carrying such dispatches as he might wish to send to foreign Courts or to forward to or receive from his dependents. Later, in the time of Louis XI., the merchants of Marseilles and of Venice, and the Court of England, began to have a regular system of messengers to carry letters at stated periods—once in two or three months. Among the gentry of these countries, letters were generally conveyed by private messengers, country carriers and peddlers, according to the wealth and position of the writer and the value of the correspondence; peddlers were the favored postmen of all young ladies who carried on a correspondence of which their parents were either unaware or did not approve. These deity gentlemen—who, by the way, had a sort of free pass into the halls of every castle and mansion—could easily identify to the young lady of the house that she should, if she only knew, buy something of trifling value for a crown piece. The tiny piece of brocaded satin or the delicate lace ruff was always duly packed up, and, when inspected in the private chamber, was certain to disclose a dainty billet from the beloved one. Ah! what a library of historically lost secrets the ghosts of the peddlers who lived and traded between the years 1300 and 1700 could disclose, if Mr. Foster of Mr. Home would only call up their spirits from the vasty deep.

It is too, from the Middle Age that we have the terms "fools-cap" and "post," as applied to writing-paper. It arose simply from the beginning of that commercial competition which is so rife in our own day. Those who had been in the habit of supplying the Court with letter-paper stamped their sheets with a water-mark of a head decorated with a fool's cap and bells; their continuous rivals adopted the water-mark of a post-horn, by way of intimating their indifference to the patronage of the Court. The difference in the size of the paper was perhaps the best means of determining which was most suitable to the wants of the unskillful writers of the age. But they gave a name to certain sizes of paper, which they, perhaps, little dreamed would be still rife toward the close of the nineteenth century.

In 1603, when James VI. of Scotland, became James I. of England, the correspondence between the two countries was naturally largely increased. An organized system of posts was therefore soon after established; and later on in the reign a royal edict was issued conferring a monopoly on one Matthew de Quester, for carrying dispatches to "foreign parts, being out of our dominions." This appears to be the first step recorded in history toward the establishment of the present important office of Postmaster-General. During the reign of Charles I., in the year 1635, a general postal system throughout England and to Scotland and Ireland was established by the Court, and entirely governed and controlled by it. It comprised eight different through routes. Under this system two pence was charged for the transmission of a letter for any distance under sixty miles; four pence to eight pence, according to locality, for any distance under a hundred and forty miles; six pence for all distances beyond a hundred and forty miles, and eight pence to Scotland. This arrangement was continued till the rebellion which ended in the regicide of 1649. During the interregnum which followed the death of Charles I., and the earlier years of the reign of Charles II., the monopoly of the posts was farmed out by the Crown to private individuals. Among the old English archives, there are records of these contracts. In one case £14,000 was paid by the monopolist, and in another, the sum of £21,500, an enormous amount of money for those days. What would these post-office farmers think of the annual correspondence of the world now? The British Government realizes an income of millions from its postal revenue; the gross receipts of the United States Post-office Department for the fiscal year, ending 30th June, 1871, were $22,000,000, and the expenditures upward of four millions more.

In the memorable Statute of the State of England at the time of the revolution in 1685, when William and Mary supplanted James II. on the throne, Macaulay speaks of one Wm. Dockwray having already established a penny postal system. This statement is not borne out by other authorities more trustful, though perhaps less pleasing to the fancy. Indeed, Mr. Wm. Dockwray does appear to have started a postal system in conjunction with some of the merchants of England, before the accession of James; but the monopoly of the posts having been conferred by Charles II. on his brother, the Duke of York—not yet James II.—a Prince fully capable of looking after his own personal interests—the unhappy wooden shoe maker soon found himself in the clutches of the Kings Bench. After the revolution, however, King William gave him the control of the national posts, which he held until, when he again got into trouble and was compelled to throw them up. The failure was probably greatly to be accounted for by the strict which King William carried out of preventing his favorites on the revenue derived from the posts; a system which his successor, Queen Anne, extended to a fabulous extent. Even Marlborough, with all his battles, glory, emoluments and monopolies, received a pension of £5,000 from the posts. In Queen Anne's reign, the Scottish and Irish post were consolidated under one government system; the rates of postage were fixed at three pence under and four pence over eighty miles in England and Wales, and at six pence to Edinburgh or Dublin. From this time till the there was a constant wrangling between the people and the Government as to the post-office. At that time the propositions of Rowland Hill began to be discussed. The number of letters carried annually through the post was 24,000,000, and newspapers 20,000,000; the average delivery took four pence on twenty pence, and the average charge being about nine pence. Hill's proposition was that the calculations were correct. But he succeeded at last, and on the 10th of January, 1840, the uniform penny postal rate was established throughout the United Kingdom.

It is said that the British Government has appointed a Postmaster-General, Sir Rowland Hill, at a salary of £2,000 a year. The rates then were nine pence to Philadelphia and twelve pence to Virginia, and it is received by a vessel of that nation, that we had never known the post to take less than three weeks in traversing to Virginia. Now, we see the change from that time to the present. The United States postal revenue is in a very high state, and the consequent transportation of the mails is its service. The mail routes in operation, exclusive of steamer routes, were, at the commencement, 188,000 miles in length. The whole number of stamps, stamped envelopes and stamped newspaper wrappers issued was 600,000,000; and the total number of letters written was 1,000,000,000. Altogether, the matter carried through the United States Post-office is a prodigious one.

[illegible]

THE TURF.

The August Meeting at Long Branch—The Programme—Notes.

The July meeting of the Saratoga Association has passed into history with all its glories and now the attention of turfmen and those who take an interest in "the sport of kings" is directed once more to the course by the sea. Long Branch is not the Mecca for the devotees of sport, and already are the landlords of the Branch besieged and made happy with orders for rooms. The August meeting of the Association begins on Saturday, Aug. 2, and Mr. Chamberlin has made the most perfect arrangements to convey spectators to the scene of action. The New-Jersey Southern Railroad Company has cleared a loss since the July meeting, and visitors to the Branch will be conveyed thither with regularity and dispatch. The first day begins with a hurdle race for all ages, purse $600, with money to second and third horses, two miles, over eight hurdles. The old-tried ones, Tammany, Lobelia, Hibernian, Astronomer, Duffy, and Lochiel will, no doubt, be in this, and the contest promises but a scrambling, as Mr. Bannerman expressed the opinion at Saratoga, that his horse, Hibernian, was the best hurdler in the country, which, by the owners of the others deemed, and were forthwith challenged to combat on this occasion. The second race will be the trial purse of $400, for all ages, dash of a mile. Here the stake will be renewed between Alarm, Kingfisher, and Paviadeen, with others. The third race is the Continental Hotel Stakes, value $1,000, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each, play or pay, for three-year olds, with mile and three-quarters. This has closed with twenty-eight nominations,

The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1872.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

HENRY WILSON,

OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"Gen. Grant never has been defeated, and he never will be."—HORACE GREELEY.

"While asserting the right of every Republican to his untrammeled choice of a candidate for next President until a nomination is made, I venture to suggest that Gen. Grant will be far better qualified for that momentous trust in 1872 than he was in 1868."—HORACE GREELEY, speech on 8th January, 1871.

The New-York Times,
DAILY, WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

The journal is now thoroughly identified with the greatest political necessity of the hour—successfully working against all forms of corruption, whether in national or local government. For years past the TIMES has been exposing the demoralizing influence of self-interested politicians, and its recent warfare upon the Tammany Democrats has been received with universal approval. It has adhered to the pledge given in its original prospectus, more than twenty years ago, that the public should be truly represented, and their interests faithfully guarded through its columns. Its record has been pure and honorable, and the highest aim of its proprietors is to render it more and more worthy of its past history, and of the confidence which the public repose in it. Two out of three of the original proprietors still direct its policy, and guide it on all public questions. They purpose that the TIMES shall continue to keep clear of all narrow and unworthy influences, and aim to represent the great body of the people, as distinguished from personal factions. It occupies a perfectly independent position, and is free to speak the truth on all subjects and about all men. Its greatly increased circulation through out the country adds to its power and influence. It will continue to be a faithful exponent of Republican principles, recognizing the claims of American industry in adjusting the sources of revenue; and it will advocate with untiring energy every cause which seems to further the welfare of the people.

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New-York City.

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☞ The NEW-YORK TIMES has opened a branch office in Brooklyn at No. 111 Fulton-st., junction of Fulton and Main, where advertisements will be received until 5 P. M.

☞ *Throughout the Presidential canvass, we shall publish fuller reports of meetings and conventions in each State than any other New-York journal. Very full dispatches will be forwarded by telegraph, supplemented by careful letters. Our desire is to place before the public the latest and most trustworthy information, and we have made ample arrangements for that purpose.*

"This way for all the news—about GREELEY! an average of ten columns a day devoted to our candidate! don't, pray don't run away, good people, till you hear our entire prospectus! we keep the only living Professor of Journalism constantly on hand." Such was, substantially, the purport of a very pitiable wail made by the *Tribune* of yesterday over the desertion of its old subscribers. We never heard of a showman who attained brilliant success by proceeding upon the assumption that the public are absolute idiots. To the person whose duty it is to beat the advertising gong and do the frantic shrieking for the *Tribune*, the following hints may, therefore, be found useful: What earthly use, save to make people laugh, can there be in shouting "this paper is not an organ," when every page is studded with evidence that it is? Is it anything better than an impudent insult to popular intelligence to talk about "the absolute fairness" of a journal that brings sneaking charges against its political opponents and refuses to retract them when confronted with proofs that they are false? The regulation snivel about "our way" may sound very fine in the *Tribune* office; it is extremely liable to be set down as a piece of disgusting cant out of doors. If a paper is honest it does not require to hang hallooing about its respect for "truth" and "fairness." The public seems to be the judge on this point, and no amount of showman's rhetoric will bolster a paper to save a character, precisely the reverse of its daily performance. These maxims may not be in the Professor's code, but they are quite at his service for all that.

The fourth of the Times' picnics for poor children came off yesterday with perfect success. We may as well remind the contributors of industrial schools, once and for all, that these picnics are intended for little children, and not for grown boys and girls. On this point there is an obvious obligation on our part to spend the money for the specific purpose for which it was subscribed, and from the rate already laid down we can make no exception. The work of sick relief continues to be prosecuted with untiring industry and with the happiest results. We are happy to acknowledge the further receipt of $445 yesterday, making the aggregate amount subscribed to date $9,291 70. As we have already remarked there is no danger that we shall have too much money. The work to be done is extensive enough to engage our attention for many weeks to come, and we trust to be able after the season's labors are ended, to make a very respectable beginning of a permanent relief fund for the benefit of the helpless children of the poor.

"Tammany's Own"—we need hardly say that this is the new and proper name of the paper from which Mr. GREELEY has retired, and which is now edited on behalf of the Democratic Party by the Fenton Professor of Journalism—well, "Tammany's Own" parades with large type and much fuss two cases of malversation in office as characteristic of "GRANT'S Civil Service." Both of the offenders were Deputy Postmasters, one J. F. WOOD, of Indianapolis, was a defaulter to the amount of $4,000, the other, D. E. GEORGE, of San Francisco, opened and robbed the letters committed to his care. The management of these cases was indeed characteristic of Gen. GRANT'S Administration. Steps were immediately taken against both these persons. In the former case the money was at once paid into the Department by the Postmaster, who will be reimbursed by the defaulter's sureties, who are "good" for the amount; in the latter a criminal suit was brought, and the offender was found guilty and sentenced to the State Prison. Gen. GRANT'S Civil Reform does not propose to reform human nature. That task is left to time and the benign influences of Christianity and civilization; although, perhaps, there are some philosophers who think it may be done by rule or by fiat of some sort. But there will probably be dishonest and dishonorable men in the world for some time to come; and what Gen. GRANT'S Civil Service Reform proposes is, that if any of these knaves get into office and practice their knavery, they shall be immediately removed and punished, and the Government made secure by all possible means. It is not surprising that such a course is strange and displeasing to "Tammany's Own."

MR. GRAHAM N. FITCH, Ex-United States Senator for Indiana, and a life-long Democrat, has bolted the Baltimore nomination and declared for GRANT. It is now in order for the *Tribune* to show that the course of Mr. FITCH is highly suspicious, and to insinuate that his support has been bought by the Administration. Mr. FITCH is a representative man among his party in Indiana, and may be credited with knowing something like the precise extent of capital which the name of GREELEY brings to the cause out there.

Though all too slowly, the weekly number of deaths in the City continues to steadily decrease. During the week ending yesterday at noon, 918 deaths were recorded. This represents an annual death rate of 49.3 per 1,000 as against 55.6 for the previous week. There can be no question that some slight credit for this improved exhibit of the public health is due to those numerous friends who have placed it within our power to stretch a helping hand to children dying for lack of proper attention, and to ward off from others the attacks of disease by the agency of a day of whole-hearted and healthy enjoyment.

The Spies in our Selves—"Professions."

The force of falsehood is not enough for the detractors of Gen. GRANT and his Administration. The enemies of the Republican Party have now established a polite system of eaves-dropping. Gen. GRANT, the members of his Cabinet, and the leaders of the party are dogged now by a pack of journalistic spies, disgraces to a profession which ought to be, and which might be, the most honorable in the world. It is on the footsteps of the President himself that these creatures chiefly follow. A modest, retiring man in all his personal tastes and habits, he is obliged, in order to protect himself against prying intrusion of the most impudent kind, to live as nearly as possible in absolute seclusion. These men would, otherwise, like the frogs of Egypt, mount into his bedchamber and get into his kneading trough. Nay; like other vermin among poor Pharaoh's plagues, they would get into his hair, and then doubtless make a boast of it. The homes should be exempt from intrusion; they should be even more respected because of the sacrifices of their time and their inclinations, which they are properly expected to make.

Gen. GRANT, however, is now so hounded that are long, like POPE'S friend, he will be unable to take his tea without a stratagem. His unpretending house at Long Branch is surrounded by prying creatures, who, unable to rise to the dignified occupation of "interviewing," take up the congenial one of spies. They watch his doors; they peer into his windows. If unable, or afraid, to approach the house, they perch themselves upon some ledge of vantage, and, opera-glass in hand, they endeavor to see all that can be seen, and sometimes succeed in seeing what cannot be seen. They have a marvelous faculty of hearing through walls and at a distance of several hundred yards. Do they happen to see from their look-out a Senator, a member of Congress, or a well-known politician enter the President's private door, out comes the note-book, and down goes the memorandum of the interesting fact; and then, guessing what the readers of the journal, by which they are employed, would like to be told was said at the important interview, the pleasing fiction is woven, and a letter is dispatched post haste, informing the world that GRANT is in an extremity of fear about the prospects of his election, and was yesterday closeted with Hon. Mr. BLAKE, [illegible] and if he would only take my advice, he should turn you out of your place without warning, and send you off to count a character. You naughty, naughty man." And the little boy expected that everybody would join him in his fun and cry. But everybody knew that it was not because GEORGE neglected his business—which he never did—but because he spoke his mind about the queer old gentleman and the bad company he had fallen into, that the little boy went on in such a way. And GEORGE took no notice of him; and Uncle SAM'S affairs, by his direction, were managed better than they had ever been managed before; and everybody laughed at the little boy, and that was all that came of it. This is a true story, and it is a warning to all other little boys that they should not take too much upon themselves because of the encouragement and the vagaries of queer old gentlemen.

Mark and Wagner.

Were any argument needed to prove the wisdom of every man learning a trade, it might surely be found in the career of car conductors and drivers. These men work daily—Sundays as well as week-days—from twelve to sixteen hours, in all weathers. The former receive from $2 to $2 50 a day; the latter $2 75. Neither are permitted to sit down during the hours of labor; indeed, if the authorities detect a conductor even resting on the splash-board of the car, he is likely to be temporarily suspended, and should the offense be repeated, dismissed. The long standing, especially in this hot weather, permanently breaks down the stamina of many of the men. It is well known that while active movement is desirable for those who have a tendency to varicose veins, standing is the best mode of developing them. A few days ago one poor driver's veins gave way, and the flooring where he stood was drenched with blood! Yet with all these drawbacks, applications by the hundred come for these positions, and there are fifty men eager to fill the places of the fifteen—this is about the average—who are daily discharged. Why should this be so? The fact seems to be that car driving and conducting are the refuge of that large class who cannot dig, and to beg are ashamed.

Hundreds of men have been in business and failed; have no money to start again, or influential friends to help them. They are, moreover, married, and cannot go further afield to seek employment, because they are obliged to satisfy the craving necessities of those dependent on them. Probably there is no deeper destitution in this teeming City than among the families of men of this class who have seen better days, and would die sooner than ask alms. Had these men but been taught rough carpentering, glazing, or any other such business, they might be earning their ten dollars a day in Colorado or Texas. Surely their life conveys a lesson to the rising generation.

Sad Abuse of Dr. H. G.

The *Sun*, which boasts of having first put GREELEY in nomination for the Presidency, and which has invented nearly all the falsehoods and slanders on which the Greeley organs throughout the country are conducting the canvass on behalf of its candidate, put forth, a few days ago, the following elegant and emphatic voucher of its honesty, which has rarely been equaled by anything in the *Tribune* school of rhetoric, where DANA imbibed his first lessons in journalism:

"Whoever says that the editor of the *Sun* is venal is a liar, a libeler and a scoundrel."

Now, it is painful to be compelled to disturb the harmony and sweet concord and brotherly love subsisting just at present between the "Chappaqua Sage" and his foremost champion for the Presidency; but it is due to truth and to a proper understanding of the extraordinary alliance that have been witnessed in this campaign, that the public should know just what GREELEY and DANA really think of each other. They were associated together for years as Captain and First Lieutenant in the conduct of the *Tribune*, and therefore may be supposed to know each other thoroughly. Now, if it can be shown that GREELEY, in his calm and sober moments, has deliberately asserted his belief in DANA'S venality, then it follows as a matter of course, in the language of the *Sun* vocabulary, that he is "a liar, a libeler and a scoundrel." In looking over the files of the *Tribune* we find, under the date of Jan. 5, 1871, an editorial article entitled "What we think"—in which Mr. GREELEY there expresses his candid opinion of DANA:

"The *Sun* asks if we think or imagine that its editor 'ever received as a bribe any sum or money or anything whatever.' As we have not charged that he had, we ought not to have been asked that question; but since it is asked, we shall answer it truly. We think the insinuations from its own editorial columns in the pamphlet entitled *The Sun-dial*, including its approved pamphlet on the 'Watchers of Wall-street,' prove that its course with regard to GOULD, FISK & Co. *has been influenced by mercenary considerations*. We deem any impartial person to read the pamphlet carefully, and not *concur in this judgment*."

Again, on the 4th of January, 1871, he expresses his opinion of the editor of the *Sun* in the following explicit terms:

"Now the pamphlet just published entitled *The Sun-dial*, from advance sheets of which Mr. DANA'S obscurantist history of the Erie episode which resulted in the suspension of the most ably venal edition of the *Sun* to order to support the editorial Schuyler-Fisk of Fisk and Gould's resuscitation, called 'The Watchers in Wall-street,' strive day and night, night and noon, whenever WILLIAM M. TWEED needed, by the payment of an extra cash draft, and the promise of monthly stipends, the services of the *Sun* throughout our late canvass; and he forthwith his statements by stealth which carry conviction on their face. We cited those interested to produce and read that interesting volume. The *Sun* claim, for show that after Tweed made his present representations, have professions of utter independence. Have they? It succeeded too, over-ply as his after experience of a dollar, for his ability and his venality contracted. Alas, our cause is, may be, said to have 'run well' for a year or two. Down to our indictment, everything from an outspoken adversary into a fulsome, parasitic soliciter of FISK, GOULD & Co., is maintained in chosen strains though steadily diminishing reputation for indiscriminate defamation of the character and views of our public men of whatever party. In our late canvass, however, it was probably used and run in the interest of the Tammany [illegible] given to them lost their heads and lost in water [illegible] Once more, out there rolls in a wave and another man were a pair to run in the street blocks of St. Quentin. One came into Court on crutches. He were that the first day he cut on the heels given him they lost in water which froze to his feet. He was taken to hospital, and the toes and half of each foot had to be amputated. Many of his comrades were frozen to death in the neighborhood of Espaume. The average wear of a pair of shoes or boots was ten days. In many cases they broke asunder on the first day. Blouses and coats were no better. They frequently fell apart after once being wet, and were not only badly made but of execrable material. The food supplied was also objectionable, both in kind and quantity; and altogether, if the contractors had been in the direct pay of Prussia they could not have worked more effectually in the interest of the German arms.

Of course there is nothing new or strange in all this. There were frauds by contractors in the Crimean war, those committed by the persons who supplied the English troops being especially vast and shameless. But the fact that such practices have been common certainly does not make them less outrageous. Ordinary dishonesty is bad enough, but in this form of cheating there is something peculiarly cowardly. The idea of sending poor fellows into the field—where they carry their lives in their hand, ill-shod, ill-clothed and ill-fed, multiplying indefinitely their risk of death by disease, and securing them, if they escape that, of lives of miserable discomfort—is so cruel that those who deliberately connive at it for the sake of dirty gain must surely be among the very worst of mankind. The almost universal prevalence, however, of this species of rascality seems to imply not only that it is regarded with strange toleration, but, as a consequence, that it is inadequately punished even if punished at all. It might be well, hereafter, for any nation unfortunately obliged to go to war to make special provision against fraudulent contractors, and, by making sharp punishment for this class of misdeeds as nearly as possible certain, to afford more adequate protection than heretofore to the national troops and the national Treasury.

A Strange Experiment.

Inspired, no doubt, by the assemblage in London of the International Prison Congress, a social philosopher there named MILNE, has devised a new method of pushing his investigations. Observing a police officer at the entrance to the station in Bow-street, Mr. MILNE walked up to him and affably requested to be locked up. The officer, DRAYTON by name, suggested, as an alternative worth consideration, that Mr. MILNE should go away. Mr. MILNE demurred, and with some tartness repeated his request. DRAYTON rejoined, emphasizing his former advice, and adding to it with some asperity, the conventional injunction to "move on." At this Mr. MILNE, who is a respectable gentleman well stricken in years, began to dance gayly around his interlocutor, belaboring him the while over the shoulders with his umbrella. DRAYTON seems to have borne this for some time with a sort of amazed toleration; yet, unwilling to have the amusement indefinitely protracted, he finally took his assailant into custody.

Next morning, Mr. MILNE was presented, in due course, to Mr. VAUGHAN, the sitting Magistrate, and asked what he had to say to this charge. The prisoner made answer that he had nothing to say except to assure the Justice that the Police Constable behaved with the greatest propriety, and had given his evidence in the most creditable manner. "He was quite right," said Mr. MILNE, nodding and smiling graciously at the officer; "and I have nothing to complain of." Mr. MILNE went on to explain that he had been anxious to try an experiment to get practical knowledge of the treatment of prisoners. The Judge might think him a dreamer or even a "wild illusionist." He was neither. The object he had in view was most important to society, and he was earnestly striving to pursue it. Mr. VAUGHAN here reminded the prisoner that if he had wished to see the inside of the cells, as he alleged, the Superintendent or Inspector at the station would have allowed him, on a proper representation, to do so. To this Mr. MILNE made response that he was not unaware of that probability; but that this method would not have served his purpose. He wished to discover not how a visitor, but how a prisoner, would be treated. It was essential that he should master the subject in all its bearings, since it was his intention to bring it before the House of Commons.

The Magistrate, who seems to have regarded the philanthropic designs thus described with some suspicion, imposed a fine of fifteen shillings, and repeated that the intent professed by the prisoner might have been compassed without paying anything at all; but Mr. MILNE smiled blandly, paid the money, and, having expressed the wish that no account of the affair should get in the newspapers, blew a kiss affectionately to the complaining officer and left the Court. The newspapers promptly gave full details of the business next day, so that the initiator of the famous GREENWOOD was in this respect disappointed. How far the information he has acquired through his experiences in the cells may compensate Mr. MILNE for this undesired publicity we can only conjecture when the result of his labors appears, as is promised, in print. If, however, his powers of destruction and of argument do not surpass his ingenuity in getting opportunities to exercise them, the public will hardly lose much should his publication be indefinitely deferred.

A Big Walking-Bee.

MILWAUKEE, July 20.—A report having been circulated that Gen. Grant had affiliated a bee on his own account, the editor of the *Daily Wisconsin* addressed a note to Long Branch, and received the following reply from Gen. Porter, the President's private Secretary:

"The President directs me to say, in regard to that charge, that he never in his life made a bee upon the [illegible] and has no sympathy of interest [illegible] any one to do so. He has no knowledge that any one has made a bee with Mr. WILSON, until he read his proclamation in the newspapers."

SUMMARY OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

The City Theaters.

Music in the City Theaters may be disposed of in a few words. Most of our concerts show attendance very disproportionate with the many cases of merit offered. Mr. Max Maretzek, the best at Wallack's on Monday, and made the first love of the season—the "Long Strike." To-morrow Miss Lydia Thompson and troupe are to appear here, when Miss Amy Sherman and a number of other young ladies will make their initial essays in this country. Mr. Booth, Miss Westbrooke, and other favorites, are of the company, and the "grand, spectacular, burlesque extravaganza" called "Robin Hood" will be the opening piece....The clever "Vokes Family" have been confirming the good impressions formerly made by them at the Union-square Theatre. No play-goers should omit to see these artists, who in their way are really excellent. Their performances continue through the coming week....At Wood's Museum, "Notre Dame" and Mr. Harry Seymour have been the attractions, and, considerate the heat, have drawn good houses....The two musical gardens are steadily gaining in popular favor. Mr. Thomas' orchestra is triumphant over at the "Central Park," and by way of a great coup, the Kaiser Franz Garde Band is to play on Tuesday night at the Terrace....Miss Leutner concluded her series of concerts on Friday. The lady has made a profound impression here, and one that will not be forgotten.

Music Notes.

THE RUBINSTEIN CONCERTS.

The series of concerts of which Mr. Anton Rubinstein is to be the principal attraction, will be commenced at Steinway Hall on September 4th. We have already mentioned the engagement of several artists of high repute for these entertainments. M. Henri Wieniawski, the rival of Joachim, is to contribute to them. Miss Leibhart, a singer well known in England, will be the principal songstress, and several other performers, all new to American audiences, make up the remainder of an exceedingly strong company. In connection with the announcement of Mr. Rubinstein's approaching appearance in this City, a reference to that distinguished pianist's career, a notice of his latest concert in Paris, will not be devoid of interest. The article following is translated from the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*. It runs thus: "Anton Rubinstein, the prodigious virtuoso, the athlete of the piano, the great artist whose appearance is almost uncouth, and whose manners bear no resemblance to the *poses* of fashionable performers, was born at Wechrotynes, a village close to the Russian frontier of Moldavia, on Nov. 30, 1829. He is a Russian by education, for he passed the earliest part of his life in Moscow, and gave his first concert when aged nine years in that city. Since then he has devoted himself unceasingly to perfecting his wonderous executive talent, of which those who have never heard him can form no idea. His first serious essays in composition were made when about twenty years of age; since he has produced an immense number of works of all kinds, operas, oratorios, symphonies, concertos, sonatas, piano-pieces, songs, choruses, &c. In all his writings are discernible the elevated thought, the broad style, the distinction and the skill of an eminent musician. Many of them are inconceivable save to a few pianists, because of the effects of *haute virtuosité* in which they abound, and which exact not merely practised fingers but exceptional physical forces. Rubinstein has traveled much. He has repeatedly visited Paris, where his concerts have ever produced the liveliest sensation. He is the founder of the Conservatory, and of the Société des Concerts of St. Petersburg; liberal offers of European managers latterly compelled him to resign the management of these important institutions. His brother, Nicholas, also a pianist, dwells in Moscow, and enjoys a deserved reputation. Last Tuesday's concert had summoned in the Salle Herz an audience of élite, the public assembled to hear judgment on illustrious performers. All the masters of the piano were at hand to study and applaud. After a recital of the overture to "Le Nozze," Rubinstein commenced his fourth concerto in D minor, a composition for which he has a strong predilection, and which he always renders in the concert room. In the opening movement between the instrument and the orchestra is uninterruptedly in progress, and, in respect of sonority, the orchestra is not always victorious. Powerfully conceived, admirably developed, the andante, somewhat in the style of Mendelssohn, if full of charm. Octave passages, arpeggios, rapid dressings of hands follow each other in endless succession; Rubinstein's iron wrist makes light of the most dreaded difficulties. Those of his listeners who may have thought that similar feats overtaxed the resources of the piano, had, the other night, an eloquent refutal of their belief. But Rubinstein only can be his own advocate. And how the swollen torrent becomes a tranquil and limpid stream. Rubinstein plays Mozart's exquisite rondo in A minor, with a finesse, a suavity and a simplicity which we shall observe again by and by in his nocturne and in Chopin's. After a dazzling fantasia, we enjoy a display of child-like grace, after a feat, after the tremendous marvels of mechanism, we listen to pianissimo, to a delicate touch, to most delicate shading, to a delicious pianissimo. All eyes are turned toward the piano; the pianist is the same being. And now the Rubinstein of the concerts is restored to us. We hear the *scherzo* of a sonata by Mendelssohn, and the Titanic transcription of "The Erl-King," by Liszt; then comes the finale of his own works—"Capricciosa," an exquisite poem; "Barcarole," and the famed study in C, known as the study on false notes, which notes are merely very melodious appoggiaturas, cheaply struck on the upper part of the keyboard while the left hand, while the right plays and sings. The impression is one of unmixed admiration. A free and a fascination, some sparkle which shook the hall, and mending acclaim, the sound of which would have made the most popular tenor or prima donna jealous. Total, three encores of the piano by M. Rubinstein, one hour and a half, a period which would exhaust any but the hero, the athlete, retained to the last minute his Olympian calmness, and would willingly have recommenced his task."

The following details about Miss Nilsson's approaching marriage are printed in the foreign correspondence of the Cincinnati *Commercial*:

"There is a good deal of interest felt here just now at the approaching marriage of Mlle. Christine Nilsson. She is to be married on the 27th of this month, in Westminster Abbey, by Dean Stanley. Perhaps I may venture to whisper so far away what a little bird has told me of the affair. The fortunate gentleman is M. Auguste Rouzaud, a stock-broker of Paris, and son of a French Admiral—as there are only twelve Admirals in France this means a high distinction. M. Rouzaud, as I have reason to know, is a rich man, so, too, is his family, which, by the way, is of rank beyond that which he intrinsically is—a cultivated and amiable man. He is thirty-six, she twenty-four years of age. The wedding will have some features which will, perhaps, surpass those of the Marquis of Bute and of Miss Fox, at Holland House. For instance, all the dresses—bride's and bridesmaids'—are to be made by the famous milliner of Paris—Worth. Pauline Rousseau is to give the bride away. The bridegroom's first man is to be Prince Poniatowski, the author of the new opera written for Patti, "Gelmina." Among the bridesmaids are to be Miss Bentinck, daughter of Lord George Cavendish Bentinck; Miss Kate Vivian; Miss Dodge, of Boston, United States; Miss Burnham; and Miss Spence—the last three being ladies whose acquaintance Mlle. Nilsson made on her voyage from America."

Pauline Lucca's Farewell to London.

Now that the presence of Mme. Pauline Lucca among us next season is announced as positive, the following account from the London *Times* of her farewell in the English metropolis will be read here with interest:

"The season's entertainment, for the benefit and last appearance of that deservedly popular artist, Mme. Pauline Lucca, attracted a very crowded audience, and was a genuine success. Mme. Lucca has not been allowed by many opportunities this season to shower her vocal gifts for which she is renowned; and such as have been given her she has met to the fullest advantage. Perhaps none show was the opportunity of appearing before the English public as Agathe in "Der Freischütz," the most poetical of all the creations of Weber, which is writing for this favorite heroine, went to work with an enthusiasm, which, whatever may be said, surpassed the enthusiasm exhibited by Everyone; but she gave great opportunities for sufficiently intelligible reasons, since that Agathe is a real creation of the great master, and that she has hitherto undertaken has done. Lucca more triumphantly shown her distinct position, of the remarkable power she possesses of making music speak, as if it were the natural language of emotion. The second act of 'Der Freischütz' was, cannot be, when combined for an occasion of farewell, a little too long. In the great scena ("Safety Night") in Bellini's *Norma*, Agathe avenges the injustice of her lover, she produced, if possible, a greater effect than on any previous occasion, and was, as usual, compelled by the unanimously expressed wish of the audience, to repeat one that not, with different movement, but with even more intensity of feeling, Mme. Lucca next appeared in the third act of "Faust," Marguerite. Every feature, every gesture, every tone and look, every phrase, every note, every gesture was in the third act of "Faust," Marguerite." Every feature, every gesture, every tone and look, every phrase, every note, every gesture was in the third act of "Faust," Marguerite." Every feature, every gesture, every tone and look, every phrase, every note, every gesture was in the third act of "Faust," Marguerite."

FACTS ABOUT FROGS.

Frogs are announced on the bills of fare of the principal restaurants of this city, and are becoming a favorite dish among the epicures and gourmands whose purses correspond to their tastes. It is meet to associate frogs-eating with Frederickson, as the people of that nation were, without doubt, the first to make use of them as a table dish, and to introduce them as the opponent of other countries, who were not long in creating an appetite for these dainties, and soon grew as fond of them as their neighbor. It is more than three hundred years since they were first placed among the dishes at the nobles' feasts, and the favor which they found has been continually increasing until now, when they are used as food in nearly all the countries of Europe, and also in America.

The physicians of Europe early made use of the nutritious properties of the flesh of the frog in their practice, prescribing it generally in the shape of broth for various affections of the chest, and particularly consumption. This practice is still in vogue throughout the sparsely-settled districts of our own country, and in the Western States it is a common occurrence for those who are afflicted with diseases of the chest to live on a frog diet. Frogs cooked in oil and salt were considered by the ancients an excellent antidote to the poison of serpents, and when boiled in vinegar were used as a remedy for the toothache.

Almost every one is familiar with the appearance of the frog, as the frog family is distributed over every part of the globe. In America there are about a dozen varieties, but only two or three are used as food. The frog lives in water the greater part of the time, but it is often found on the land a long distance from any water. They are excellent swimmers, and their style of swimming has been taken as a model for man to become proficient in this art. They are found in ponds, marshes, pools, woods, and other damp localities, and are very prolific, the female often producing as many as a thousand young frogs, which are hid under stones, logs, or in holes in the ground, until the genial rain of the Spring showers falls, when they come out of their hidings-places and are scattered over the land, leading one to imagine that they dropped with the rain, and it can be readily understood how the ancients supposed this to be an actual fact. The noise or croaking they make, usually heard at night, is well known, and has often proved a source of great annoyance to persons of delicate nerves, keeping them awake for hours, and frequently preventing sleep at all. The bull-frog, whose noise resembles in a diminutive degree the bellowing of a bull, is probably the greatest annoyance, and obtained its name from the peculiar cry it utters. They are very tenacious of life, even as much so as the cat, which is said to have nine lives; they may be maimed and mangled until life is supposed to be extinct, and yet survive their wounds. Indeed, frogs are frequently found minus a leg or arm, swimming about as well as when their forms were perfect. They will even show signs of life after their entrails and hearts have been removed, and advantage has been taken of this fact by scientific men for the purpose of experiment and to illustrate many important phenomena.

The characteristic of all species of the frog is voracity; they eat flies, insects, worms and even smaller frogs; but, singularly to relate, they do not touch these unless they are alive and in motion. Prof. Doremus used to relate an anecdote about some frogs he was keeping in a box for experimental purposes, which shows their voracious propensities. There were about a dozen of the frogs, and among the number were two unusually large ones. He had kept them for several weeks, but the attendants had neglected to feed them for a number of days, and upon going to the box he was astonished to find only one frog left, which was dead and greatly swollen. Upon a closer inspection he found that the two large frogs had eaten all the smaller ones, and when they could obtain no more food the larger of these two had swallowed the smaller, but had died in the effort.

Of the dozen or more varieties common to this country and Europe, only two or three are considered edible and used as food by man. The celebrated edible frog, or green frog of Europe, which the naturalists call *rana esculenta*, is the greatest favorite and the most sought after in the European countries. In the United States, the species called bull-frogs, or shad-frogs, are about the only kinds that are used for culinary purposes. The European edible frog is of a bright green color above, with black spots, three yellow stripes along the back, and of a yellowish color underneath. Our bull-frog is familiar to almost everybody, and somewhat resembles the common European frog.

As a general rule, only the hind quarters of the frog are eaten, but in Germany every part, with the exception of the intestines and skin, is made use of as food. Many persons will not eat frogs, believing that they are unclean, yet they have no hesitation in partaking of crabs or lobsters that feed upon the refuse animal matter which they find in the water. The flesh of the frog is very white and tender, nutritious and delicately flavored, and when nicely cooked is one of the most dainty dishes that the gustatory sense of an epicure could desire, surpassing in delicacy any of fish, flesh or fowl. They are cooked in various ways, in all of which their extreme delicacy is apparent. They can be made into a broth, fried, stewed, or fricasseed, as the eater may desire, but most people who eat them prefer to have them fried. The manner in which they are tried at the prominent restaurants is very simple. The legs, after being well skinned, are parboiled for about five minutes in slightly salted water; they are then plunged into cold water for a few moments and are taken out to drain, after which they are placed in a hot pan and fried in the usual way. The broth can be made in the same way as chicken or beef broth.

The season for frogs extends from March until November. They are in the best condition for table use in the Fall, just before going into Winter quarters, although more are eaten in the Spring and early part of the Summer, because they can be caught much easier at this season of the year. They are caught in various ways, by means of nets, hooks, and the like, and sometimes by beating them with long poles as they sit on the banks of the streams and ponds. The extreme voracity of the frog is easily taken advantage of, as it will leap after and seize almost anything that floats on the waters near the banks, having the appearance of life, and in motion. A hook and line, baited with an insect, or covered with a piece of red flannel, serves as a good tempter to the frog, who will generally seize it without hesitation or difficulty. After being caught, they are preserved in large frog-ponds, or frog-ponds, as they are called, until they are required for the market. There are a number of these frog-ponds on Long Island in Westchester County, and in New-Jersey, from whence our City markets are supplied. The proprietors of these frog-ponds send the frogs to market at regular intervals, and they are kept alive until the customers purchase them. The principal places where they are sold in quantities in this City are Fulton, Catharine and Washington Markets, where they can be obtained from a number of fish-dealers. The prices range from fifty cents to $1 per dozen, according to the size, appearance and quality; but when they reach the restaurants their value becomes much greater, depending upon the purses and appetites of the customers. Several of the hotels and large restaurants are supplied directly from the frog-ponds, and do not purchase from the market dealers, but the majority obtain them from the restaurants as their demands require them.

In Paris of the large European cities it is a common thing to see the women fishmongers with a barrel or tub on each side of her—one containing the live frogs, and the other to hold the portions that are unfit to be eaten. When a purchaser buys the frogs, the fishmonger plunges her hand in the barrel holding the frogs, pulls out a frog by its hind legs, places it on the edge of the other barrel, and, with a dexterous stroke of the knife, severs the hind legs from the rest of the body, which falls into the barrel. The legs are then skinned carefully, and are then ready for cooking. The operation is executed until the order is filled.

Dr. Livingstone speaks of a large African frog called the centramadin, of which his children partook with eagerness and delight. After a thunder-shower the pools of the African desert are alive with them, and the natives believe that they are born of the thunder-cloud and descended to the earth with the rain. The natives eat them constantly, and also the common toad, which is considered by most persons in this country as unfit to be eaten.

The croaking of the frog is seldom heard in the City now, except in a few localities in the upper part of the City where the sunken lots remain, and in the ponds in the Central Park. Before the upper part of the City became so thickly populated as it is at the present time, the boys from "down-town" used to make frequent excursions to the marshes and ponds of the neighborhood where Central Park is located, to catch frogs and gold-fish, and were usually successful. About fifty years ago the locality near West Broadway, from White to Canal streets, was known as "Frogtown," receiving its title from the quantity of frogs which abounded there in the low marshy grounds which are now covered with blocks of substantial houses. If a person wants to catch a mess of frogs, nowadays, he should follow the instructions of Horace Greeley and "Go West."

SOMEBODY.

I never stroll down Broadway without passing one or more examples of a certain type of men, who, by their dress, their swagger, or their assumed eccentricity of demeanor, loudly proclaim their wish to be thought somebody. There is for instance the man of self-importance. He is invariably tall and stout, with a tendency to be plethoric-breasted. His tight-fitting blue frock coat, with its heavy velvet collar and lapels, is buttoned once, or at the most twice, at the waist, showing a wide expanse of snowy shirt bosom, the frill of which is generally decorated with an old-fashioned jeweled brooch of considerable value. His hat, of peculiar shape, is faultlessly brushed and glossy—it never seems to grow shabby; his wig is dressed to perfection, and his boots invariably creak. His head uncomfortably erect, he always walks with a slow imposing stride, arm and arm with a man much smaller than himself, and carries a heavy gold mounted Malacca cane. He obeys what almost appears to be an ordinance of nature among his species—he walks with a springing step and turns his toes out.

In nine cases out of ten, you may take it for granted that he is in himself nobody. As a general thing he has wedded his poverty to the competency of a young and gushing maiden of five-and-forty, whose heavy state carriage is at the moment standing at one of the miniature shops on Broadway, or to the jointure of a widow, fat, fair, and a few years older than himself, who tells all her female acquaintances that "Mr. —— is a very fine man—remarkably fine man." This is her way of recompensing him for being kept in a state of matrimonial slavery. She insists on his being always well dressed, provided he does not change his very unique style; and that he should accompany her to church, even on the hottest Sunday morning. But the chances are that she never allows him to have more than fifty cents or a dollar in his pocket at one time. In fact, much as he would like to be thought somebody he is nothing but a dummy—useful to his wife, but useless to himself and to every one else in the world. In consideration of his keep and clothing, he has tacitly bargained to be a figure-head. He knows it, but the fact does not trouble his nature.

Still he makes a great outward show of independence and never loses an opportunity of airing his self-importance. When on Broadway he is dictatorial to his humble shadow and talks in loud tones of the business public men as though they were his most intimate friends, and of the gravest matters of State, as though they could not be composed without his valuable advice and assistance. He attracts the attention of either promenaders on the sidewalk, and he is delighted. Even you are impressed; but it is not with him, but with his unbounded impudence. If he meets an acquaintance, whom he esteems his equal, he immediately proceeds to impart information or give advice on any and every topic in a superfluous way. He will tell a prominent politician that so and so's re-election to Congress depends entirely upon his influence. He will tell one of the leading bankers of Wall-street, that it is right to buy Erie. "Don't ask me why, Sir! I tell you to do so;" he will exclaim with a wave of the hand. And so he pomposily struts along: bowing profoundly to the great whom he does not know, and giving the very slightest recognition to the small, who only care to know him because of the good dinners which his wife gives, and to which she occasionally invites them. But his wife's state carriage draws up by his side and a slim intimates to him that his afternoon holiday is over and that he is under orders. It is curious to see how this gentleman of lofty bearing and deportment on the sidewalk meekly drops his feathers, and subsides into the utter insignificance of the hen-pecked husband the moment the carriage door closes on him. It is not a pleasant scene to witness, but one nevertheless finds it difficult to arouse one's sympathy in behalf of so thoroughly despicable a creature.

I was on Broadway the other day, and there was just such a man airing himself a few yards ahead of me. He approached a street crossing on which the masons who had lately been repairing it had carelessly left a superfluous paving-stone. Our self-important gentleman was carrying his chin so high in air that he did not notice the obstruction that lay directly in his path. He stumbled over the stone, driving it before him for a distance of two or three feet. He floundered till his nose was within a foot of the paving-stone, and, but for the almost superhuman exertions of his inseparable small companion, he would have fallen sprawling upon the top of the stone. His pride was saved that terrible excess of downfall; but, oh, heavens! a shoeless urchin on the sidewalk jeeringly called out, "Way, yer G—d d—d old fool, yer couldn't swallow that stone, if yer tried for a month o' Sundays."

A Greeley Riddle.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

In West Mount Vernon, Westchester County, a meeting was called by large posters in a part of the town mainly composed of Germans, but largely under the influence of the notorious W. H. Pemberton—the once Democrat, the cunning Native American who saw there was nothing to be made by remaining with them and again rejoined his first love, the great Democratic Party, now sunk so low as not to have one of their own party they dare trust with the Presidency. The meeting was called and headed by the fallen Democracy, at Schlerman's Central Hall, West Mount Vernon. Four speakers from New-York were to hand, a fine large hall, well lighted, manager Pemberton and twenty-five persons all told, curiosity-seekers, Democrats, and all. After many excuses of hot weather, &c., the sorrow fell quiet, disgusted with each other, called their hats over their faces and slunk away to their hiding places, without an effort at an address.

West Mount Vernon, N. Y., Saturday, July 20, 1872.

Assaults.

At 10 o'clock last night Patrolman McLaughlin, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, drove a crowd of disorderly colored men from the corner of Clark and Broome streets. John Roe, one of the disorderly characters, seized the officer by the throat, and the whole crowd then set upon the policeman, knocked him down and kicked him about the head. Patrolman O'Neill hurried to the assistance of his comrade, whereupon the assailants fled. Roe was, however, captured, and while pounding the officers received a severe scalp-wound from a club. Levi Edgar was also arrested and identified as one of the ruffians who had kicked the officer. Roe and Edgar were both locked up.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock last night Patrolman Thomas Wrane, of the Sanitary Company, detected a child of the horse of Bleecker and Macdougall streets, and while passing through King-street, on his way to the Greenwich-street Police Station, he was assaulted by a gang of ruffians and severely beaten. During the melée the prisoner escaped. None of the assailants were arrested.

AT CHAPPAQUA.

Reception at Greeley's Homestead Yesterday.

Horace Declares His Indian Policy—His Views on Financial Affairs—Jim Ashley on "Shaking Hands Across the Bloody Chasm."

The men who are so anxious to "strike hands across the bloody chasm," and place a party in power which fell from it by reason of its traitorous proclivities, and which involved the country in one of the most terrible wars ever known in the history of the world, again visited their candidate for President at his home in Chappaqua yesterday. There were "screeheads" there who have been cast out of Government positions for incapacity and still more obvious reasons. There were people who have been drawn into the movement by blatant utterances and dishonest professions; there were politicians whose careers have been a continual pandering to popular prejudices. There was a general mingling of malcontents, and in their midst, caring no more for the surrounding associations than for the gentle breeze, so long as they accomplish his purpose, sat "Old Chappaquack."

Nearly all of the visitors arrived by the early train, and as it drew nigh to Chappaqua the figure of the Democratic candidate hove in view, bearing down, with all sail set, across the adjacent platform. The old white hat, stern in its simplicity, was "slimped" in a reckless manner upon its owner's caput, and formed a pleasing contrast to the aristocratic white duck trousers which enveloped his legs. His shoes, in their general symmetry, were fully up to the contour of the pantaloons, and quite as roomy. His face shone out like that of a full-grown baby, and was wreathed in smiles as the various personages left the cars and crowded about him. Jim Ashley, formerly Governor of Montana, was among the first to greet "Old Chappaquack," and as the long-haired denizen of Ohio "shook hands across the bloody chasm" with the man of scanty locks from Chappaqua, there was a vision of the Presidency in the mind of one and hopes of successful carpet-bagging in the thoughts of the other. Ashley was master of the situation. Greeley was master of Ashley. Such meetings are few and far between. "Old Chappaquack" ambled off up the road, and the party followed him. Ashley was arm in arm with Greeley. The Sage seemed intent upon the exhibition of his farm, and after a short delay at the farm, he proceeded about the premises delivering essays upon "what he knew about farming," most conclusively showing what he didn't know. There was a little gray-whiskered man, named Johnson, from the New-York Astor House, whose duties were not so pressing, but that he found time to forsake them to figure with Greeley, who tried to milk the ancient cow with the crumpled horn, but, as the Sage said, he couldn't milk her, for her "milk gin out about ten years ago." Mr. Greeley admitted that he was unable to suggest a remedy for her tactial deficiency, but urged her good deeds of long age in justification. Mr. Johnson viewed Mr. Greeley's Shanghais with curious interest, and surveyed first the fowls and then their owner, with an expression plainly denoting that he traced a physical resemblance. The course of the party then lay down the hill, and arriving at a shady and sequestered spot, Mr. Greeley spread his magnificent form upon the green turf, and motioned the others to do likewise. They did so, and Mr. Greeley proceeded to descant, first upon the beauties of farming, and then lapsed into a general discussion of the acts of President Grant's Administration. He denounced them as tyrannical and unjust, and stated that he had determined a long time before the present campaign to forsake the cause of the Republican Party. He had become convinced of the entire insincerity of Grant in the cause of reform, and would not support him under any circumstances. He admitted that the *Tribune* was seriously injured in its daily circulation by the backward course it had taken on the Republican Party, but stated that the campaign edition was largely increased. The question of the Indian policy then came up, and Mr. Ashley, who sat at his elbow, stated his experience while Governor of Montana.

"You see," he remarked, "when Grant first began to turn his attention toward the subjection of the Indians in the West, at the close of the rebellion, he was importuned by the Methodist denomination to send out a Methodist missionary to convert as many of the red devils as possible. President Grant acquiesced, and in a short time the Methodist preacher began his ministrations. He had been in business there but a short time before the Presbyterians got wind of it, and also wanted to send a missionary. Grant gave them a chance, and the red-skins soon were involved in the tangles consequent upon a mixture of religious opinions. Then another sect sent out a missionary, and another, until there was but one denomination left out in the cold, and that was the Jewish sect. Grant finally yielded to the solicitations of the latter, and a Jewish rabbi took the train for the far West. So soon as he arrived, he expressed a wish to have some soldiers detailed for special duty, and without thought of ill, the request was granted. The Rabbi went out on the plains, and sent the soldiers to catch some Indians and bring in to him. They did so, and so determined was the Rabbi to convert the Indians, which are popularly supposed to be the lost tribes of Israel, that he circumcised them, with the assistance of the soldiers, as fast as they were brought in."

Here Mr. Greeley with his eyes opened wide in amazement, interrupted—"Circumcise them! Why, I shouldn't think they could stand it. What did they do."

"Stand it!" said Mr. Ashley. "Why, they couldn't help themselves, and as fast as they were circumcised they just got their traps together and 'leaned' toward Canada."

"Well! I never!" said Horace; "I tell you what, Ashley! When I get to be President, I'll send a lot of these Rabbis out there and let them circumcise every red-skin they can lay their hands upon. Do you suppose they would 'lean' toward Canada?"

"Of course they would," said Ashley, a broad smile illuminating his features; "it would be the very best kind of an Indian policy. What policy have you had in mind before?"

Horace replied that it was a question that had engaged his close attention, and he had arrived at no definite conclusion before the "circumcision" question came up; but he had thought of hoarding them at the Fifth-avenue Hotel and giving them wine and tobacco and Madeira.

Mr. Ashley smiled that there would be no reason why they could not force them to submit to the Jewish rites as well as board them at the Fifth-avenue Hotel.

Horace was immensely gratified, and replied that he would shape his Indian policy to that end, and place it under permanent supervision, as a Bureau.

The Indian policy being settled, the conversation turned on other topics, and Mr. Greeley advanced various political suggestions of an entertaining and exhilarating nature.

Passing through a pleasant grove, the company descended a steep hill, and assembled in the parlors of the family residence.

Here the conversation turned upon the financial policy of the Government, and Mr. Greeley remarked to Jim Ashley, "I don't see what Secretary Boutwell means by his administration of the affairs of the Treasury. Why, I've told him time and again that it was perfectly foolish to keep such an amount of gold in the Treasury, and that if it were thrown upon the market we might have a resumption of specie payments at once, and he has always put me off with one excuse or another. I pinned him down to it one day, and he told me that the surplus of $112,000,000 was kept to provide against the payment of bonds and their interest when they and it became due. He also said that there were $18,000,000 worth of bonds which may be brought in at any time, which are not mentioned day, and that there were $40 [illegible] to meet the contingencies. Now that is all bosh. When Secretary Boutwell were such things, he must sit. So he must. I'll tell you what the Government is doing with this immense quantity of gold. They put a half million or a million in one National Bank here, and another there, and as they are not allowed to receive interest for it they just go about and ask subscriptions in the companies from those banks, and they subscribe to pay for the loan. I should not wonder if a million dollars were collected in this way to further the election expenses of the Republican Party under Grant in the most corrupt party of the face of the earth. They lie and steal, and live on the pickings from the Custom-house, Treasury and impoverished South. The Southern States are filled with carpet-baggers, who steal anything they can lay their hands upon and never even make any report to the Treasury. It is no wonder that they keep the negroes on their side in the South, with the frauds of such immense and wholesale thievery."

Here Mr. Greeley's language failed him, and he gazed about, conscious of having opened his lips contrary to the advice and restrictions of his trainers. He evidently felt better, however, at having relieved his mind and heard the bands applaud upon him. One of the men who have held him under their thumbs ever since his nomination, looked aghast, and peered into the faces of those present, to detect, if possible, the countenance of a reporter, but no reporter was present save that of the TIMES, who was unknown to the party, they became reassured, and contented themselves with frowning upon "Old Chappaquack."

Jim Ashley enjoyed the fun, and narrated several experiences of his own in connection with Secretary Boutwell.

An elegant collation was then served in the grove under the auspices of Miss Ida Greeley, and at its conclusion Ex-Gov. Ashley, of Ohio, was called upon for an address. He spoke upon the past, present and future of the Democratic Party and the coalition between it and the combined Democrats and Liberals, across the bloody chasm with his Southern brethren, and said the South again coming into the Union was like a son returning, after a long series of excesses, to the old homestead. He was glad that there was again to be a chance for the South in Congress, and hoped they would be treated as members of the same family. He thought at the time of the Convention in Baltimore that it was a kind of political Pentecost, and was beneficial to both sides. He also said that the Convention at Cincinnati was characterized as being "too much brains and too little whisky," and he wished it could be reversed. Governor Ashley closed in a few remarks counseling steadfast adhesion in the support of Mr. Greeley, and cited the history of his life as a reason why he should be upheld.

Mr. Ferguson, of Chappaqua, the man who succeed in impressing the value of the Chappaqua farm so strongly upon Greeley's mind that he was induced to purchase it, made a few remarks, which were evidently an advertising dodge to induce people to purchase estates in that vicinity. Mr. Ferguson was followed by Judge Hart, Judge Porter, and Mr. Woolcock of Sing Sing. Mr. Wilson, a Western gentleman, made a great pretension to financial ability, and in discussion on commission with the Press, then arose, and in a few weak remarks attempted to prove that Secretary Boutwell's policy has been a failure. He quoted his recent withdrawal of six per cent. bonds, and substitution of five per cents, as an instance. He admitted that two million dollars a year are saved, but says that it is nearly all lost in payment of commissions, &c. If Mr. Wilson's articles are no more coarse than his orations, he has yet something to learn in a financial way. Toward the conclusion of the speeches the TIMES reporter, who had remained incognito, noticed a small, wiry man moving around through the crowd, and frequently pointing in the direction of the former. The attention of the company began to be very generally riveted upon the writer, and in a short time the wiry man, with a fox-like face, approached and said: "My dear Sir, are you from the TIMES?"

"Yes, Sir; I came from the NEW-YORK TIMES to report the proceedings. I trust I am not intrusive?"

The man with the screw face pressed his lips and replied:

"O! No! But it's too bad that you let into us so! Now, last Saturday you came here and gave us a singeing. Try, and go a little light! Don't be too severe on us!"

The writer said that he did not wish to use unnecessary harshness in his descriptions, but the people wanted to know about Horace, and as a newspaper the TIMES proposed to let them, through its columns. The screw face waxed confidential, and said, "There's right! I give it to old Horace. (I tell you as a friend, you know) don't let into the visitors so hard, but give it to Greeley; he's used to it and it won't hurt him. He's tough as a rhinoceros. He can't fight back either, 'cause he's out of the paper now! Welt him well, but don't pitch into the visitors." We only come here as a matter of civility, as least those who live in the neighborhood."

The writer promised to be as guarded as possible, and in a short time embarked on the 4¼ P. M. train for New-York. Greeley also returned to New-York, as well as Jim Ashley.

BEHIND TIME.

Details of the Frightful Collision of an Express-Train with a Coal-Train Near Rochester—The Cars Telescoped—Three Persons Killed and Several Wounded.

From the Rochester Democrat, July 20.

A fearful railroad accident happened in our own neighborhood yesterday forenoon. The scene of the disaster lies about half a mile east of the village of Pittsford on the Auburn branch of the Central Railroad, near the old Jarvis Lord homestead. The Baltimore express, John G. Van Vechten, conductor, and John Barker, engineer, which leaves this city at 10:10 o'clock in the forenoon, and connects with the Northern Central at Canandaigua, set out on time yesterday and arrived in Pittsford as usual.

At that point the coal-train from Canandaigua meets the passenger-train, but it had not arrived. The express started on fearlessly at 10:32, just two minutes behind time, no one on board suspecting any danger ahead, as the rule of the road is that freight-trains keep out of the way of passenger-trains by ten minutes, and the conductor supposes, as a matter of course, that the coal-train was waiting on the switch at Fisher's station. In the mean time the coal-train, with Spencer Dowsing conductor and Frank A. Schoeffel engineer, had set out from Canandaigua, with the distant, willful purpose of making Pittsford before the arrival of the express. This could have been readily done, and some lives and much suffering might have been saved, had it not been for a vexatious little accident which caused a fatal delay of a few minutes. The coal-train was long and heavy, and when approaching Pittsford, or where, by the way, there is no depot, the coupling broke and a large number of cars were left behind. The train had to stop in consequence and go back for them. The time consumed in returning, recoupling and starting again was short but inexpressibly precious. The statement of the engineer is that there was exactly one minute left to get out of Carterville and round the curve, which we have described, on to the straight line into Pittsford. The general impression is that in crossing the bridge this side of that village the coal-train began to run on the time of the express. Those in charge were somewhat cautious, but determined to push on, still thinking that they would make Pittsford. The engineer directed the conductor to go forward on to the front of the locomotive with a flag and signal the express if it should be coming. At the same time he slacked the speed of his own train, running with his engine reversed, for a mile and a half round the curve, and was about half way round the curve, when the express came running along at the rate of nearly thirty miles an hour. Barker, the engineer, just caught sight of the smoke-stack of the other engine on the track and noticed the man in front of it with the flag. He whistled down brakes, reversed his engine, called to his son, John H. Barker, who was fireman, "Jump, Johnny, and leaped out himself, alighting on a pile of ties and ran twenty feet from the point of collision. The conductor, engineer and fireman, Henry D. Snove, who were on the locomotive of the freight-train, likewise leaped for their lives. Young Barker instead of jumping off darted back into the tender. The crash with which the locomotives drove together was something absolutely wonderful. Looking at the status of the two great masses of machinery when the shock of their collision was over, one could only think of them as ferocious antagonists still in death, the best pieces, twisted bars, and broken pieces of iron showing how fearful the struggle had been. Both were condensed into the space of an ordinary locomotive.

The express train consisted of two passenger coaches, a smoking-car and baggage-car. The sudden shock threw the last two, which were nearest the engine, together, and they telescoped. The body of the baggage-car was lifted from its track and slid in through the smoking-car, which was occupied by thirteen passengers and one brakeman. It plowed along scarcely a foot from the floor, tearing everything before it. It passed in as fairly that the walls of the passenger-coach bulged out a trifle on each side, fitting the heavier-timbered baggage-car like a sheath. The roof of the former, however, struck below the roof of the baggage-car and gouged it out like a knife. The baggage-car stopped at between four and five feet of the rear of the other, and they were so completely clinched that both were carried away as one car on the same truck. The passengers in the smoking-car had no warning, and then able to conceive and give no definite idea of what happened. Most of them heard the steam-whistle and instantaneously the persons came crashing in over them. Conductor Van Vechten, who was standing near the rear door, says that he had just time to duck down instinctively, and the disaster was over. He was but slightly injured, and with one or two others succeeded in crawling out of the ruins. The others were [illegible] painfully and only the pinions were left that some of them were pen alive. The other two crushed, strange to say, escaped injuries and half [illegible] recovered, the exception of those in front saving themselves. There were no boats on or near the train. The alarm was given by cutting off a car of smoking cars. These had but the faintest presentiment of the collision. They heard the whistle of their engine, and the next instant the crash came. All of the occupants of the car but one were safe. By a strange fatality, Mrs. Miles Cutting had entered the coach at Pittsford to speak to her husband, and other passengers in the forward part. The other of the baggage-car as it entered the passenger-car struck her, and she was carried along with the car to the farther end, and left fastened between the sides of the two. Her head was crushed chapeless and her body dreadfully mangled. Her death was instant, and the body was removed after cutting away the timbers and planks between which it was wedged. Her husband escaped without dangerous hurts. Mrs. Cutting was about twenty-five years of age. She leaves no children. Besides the body of Mrs. Cutting two other corpses were removed from the fatal wreck. One of these killed was identified from papers as E. Burnham Smith, of Detroit. No wounds were discovered on the corpse and no fractures of bones. Death had been produced apparently by suffocation. Deceased was a man of wealth and had an extensive business reputation, being the leading member of the firm of E. B. Smith & Co., wholesale stationers and dealers in books, Detroit. His partner is Mr. Lapham, a former resident of this city. The body of the third and last of the killed has not yet been identified. The corpse is that of a well-dressed, large man, of about forty years of age. The hair, beard, and moustache are too black and long. The outer clothing consists of a blue coat, linen vest, and light brown breeches. The face is full. The only papers found about him were two circulars of the Brockport Normal School, and as many circulars of the Commonwealth Life Insurance Company.

It was found a work of time and difficulty to release the wounded from the coach. They were pinned between the floors of the two cars. The entrances of some of them to be relieved were heart-rending. Too car above threatened at any moment to sink further down into the pen of wounded, and one lady inquired who saw the peril begged the men who were extricating the wounded to prevent the danger. Among the first to render efficient aid was Dr. Huntington, of Pittsford, and a body of carpenters at work on adjacent premises. These came to the scene with their saws and axes, and soon chopped holes through the sides of the car, and released the victims of this dreadful accident. The dead and part of the wounded were taken to Pittsford Station. Those most dangerously injured were removed to the residence of D. L. Guernsey, a few rods south of the fatal scene. The following is a

LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Mrs. Miles Cutting, Railroad Mills—killed.
E. Burnham Smith, Detroit, Mich.—killed.
An unknown man—killed.
Dr. F. W. Hawley, Canandaigua—leg broken, hip fractured probably, cuts about the face. He is dangerously injured.
F. H. Harris, Court stenographer, Canandaigua—compound fracture of the leg; abdomen injured; other serious injuries. His recovery is doubtful.
John Stocker, Buffalo—severely hurt in side; nose broken; lies in a half-unconscious condition; dangerously injured.
John Hollman, saloon-keeper, No. 154 South St. Paul-street, city—face cut; shoulder sprained; cuts back of the ear and ear split; not dangerous.
John Stevens, colored, sleeping-car porter—head cut and limb bruised.
J. J. Mulheron, Canandaigua—leg injured and bruises on head; not seriously.
Frank A. Hahn, saloon-keeper, No. 160 South St. Paul-street, slight cuts on head, chest bruised, injuries slight.
John Barker, Jr., fireman, right arm broken near the wrist.
George H. Truax, No. 9 Gorham-street, city, hurt about the head, ankle sprained, injuries not serious.
J. G. Thompson, leg hurt, not serious.
Miles Cutting, husband of the lady killed, cuts about the head, not seriously injured.
John Barker, engineer, escaped unhurt.
Frank Schoeffel, engineer, thigh bruised, not serious.

The New Disinfectant,
BROMO-CHLORALUM, is non-poisonous, odorless and harmless; used with entire success in all places having offensive odors; arrests and prevents contagion and disease. Prepared only by TILDEN & Co., No. 176 William-street, New-York. Sold by all druggists.—*Advertisement.*

Mosquitoes, Flies.
Mosquito and Fly Nets to cover beds, slightly damaged, cle-ing out at retail, cheap. ROEBUCK'S, Nos. 33 and 60 Fulton-street, near Cliff.—*Advertisement.*

Irritation of Scalp
BURNETT'S COCOAINE CURES.—*Advertisement.*

LAUGHING GAS.—DRS. HASBROUCK and HOLLAND give gas daily, and have extracted teeth for more than 20,000 people without accidents. Dr. HASBROUCK, late of Colton Dental Association, rooms, No. 905 Broadway, corner 22d-st.—*Advertisement.*

Try it Mothers—Try it now.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children, teething. Best and surest remedy in the world for all diseases of children.

It will Preserve its Contents for any length of time. Depot for the Ice King Refrigerator, No. 1,194 Broadway, under Sturtevant House.

Mississquoi Springs.—This is the only spring which has never brought so many wonderful cures in Cancer, Scrofula, Syphilis and Diseases of the Kidneys. The waters seem a specific in these cases, and are recommended and prescribed by the most eminent of the medical faculty. A fresh supply by JOHN F. HENRY, No. 8 College-place.

The Ice King Refrigerator Freezes a pan of water into solid ice in a few hours. Depot No. 1,194 Broadway, under Sturtevant House.

Bachelors Hair Dye is the Best in the world—the only safe, sure and perfect hair dye. No ridiculous tints—no disappointments—harmless, reliable, instantaneous black or brown. At all druggists and No. 16 Bond-st.

As a Wine-cooler for Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons, and Private Families, the Ice King Refrigerator cannot be equalled. Under Sturtevant House.

Cool, Refreshing Hairdressing. CHEVALIER'S HAIR FOOD. THE HAIR—Makes gray hair, increases its growth, obviates the effects of injurious hair-dyes, salt water bathing on the hair. Sold everywhere.

Now 7-octave Pianos, $230.—New Organs, $60 to $90. New Melodeons, $60 cash, for the Half days. HORACE WATERS, No. 481 Broadway.

The Ice King Refrigerator Combines the best water-cooler in the world. Call and examine. Depot No. 1,194 Broadway, under Sturtevant House.

Pargeat Plaster and Wood Carpeting.—Send stamp for illustrated price list to 842 Broadway.

DIED.

BOYD.—Suddenly, July 18, at the residence of her nephew, R. C. Wickes, Esq., of Tinton Falls, N. J., Mrs. DEBORAH C. BOYD, widow of James W. Boyd, of New-York, and daughter of the late Jacob Crozier, of Monmouth County, New-Jersey.
The relatives and friends of the family, also her son-in-law, H. S. Dodge, Esq., are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the residence of her son, on Monday, July 22, at 4 o'clock P. M.
BARTOW.—On Friday, July 19, CLINTON A. BARTOW, aged 74 years.
The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, at St. Chrysostom Chapel, 10th-av. and 38th-st., on Monday next, at 2 P. M.
BARLOW.—At Boston, on July 11, of apoplexy, EDWARD R. BARLOW, aged 42 years.
BUSKEY.—On Saturday, July 20, 1872, JOSHUA M. BUSKEY.
Notice of funeral hereafter.
BOGART.—On Friday, July 19, at noon, of cholera infantum, ELIZA HERMANS, daughter of John and Emma C. Bogart, aged 2 months and 17 days.
Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral from the residence of her father, 34 Greene-ave., on Tuesday, July 23, at 3 o'clock.
BOWNE.—On Friday, July 19, 1872, LETTY ANN, wife of Robert Bowne, aged 61 years, 3 months and 1 days.
The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services at the Lexington-avenue M. E. Church, corner Lexington-av. and 53d-st., at 10 o'clock P. M., on Monday, July 22, 1872.
BOWEN.—July 19, 1872, ANN E. BOWEN, in the 84th year of her age.
Friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral on Sunday, July 21, at 4 o'clock P. M., from the residence of her brother, Wm. H. Bowen, No. 302 Bond-st.
CARMEN.—At Rosedale, on Saturday, July 20, MARY, infant child of Lewis M. and Harriet M. Carmen.
COZZENS.—At Englewood, N. J., on the 19th inst., SUSAN A. COZZENS, wife of Sylvanus T. Cozzens.
The remains will be taken to Rochester for interment.
FRAME.—On Friday, the 19th inst., at Teanstia, Long Island, SARAH VAN SANDT, infant child of Joseph L. and Sarah J. Frame, deceased, aged 2 months and 17 days.
Funeral services from her father's residence in Flushing, at 3½ o'clock, Sunday afternoon next. Train leaves Hunter's Point at 1½ P. M.
GAINES.—July 19, FRANKLIN W. GAINES, son of J. B. Gaines.
Funeral will take place from No. 14 East 56th-st., on Tuesday, July 23, at 3 P. M. Friends of the family are invited to attend.
JOHNSON.—In Brooklyn, on Saturday, July 20, 1872, RIA LAURA, widow of the late David Johnson, aged 80 years.
The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from her late residence, No. 21 Clinton-av., on Tuesday, July 23, at 3 o'clock P. M., without further invitation.
KING.—At Morristown, on Friday, 19th inst., CHARLES N. KING, of Newark, N. J.
Funeral from St. Peter's Church, Morristown, on Monday, 22d inst., at 4 o'clock P. M. Trains start from Foot of Barclay-st. at 10 A. M. and 12 M.
KIRK.—Suddenly, on Friday, 19th inst., at Newburgh, on his return upward trip to Glen Cove, Friday, July 19, BENJAMIN KIRK, in the 19th year of his age.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend his funeral from his late residence at Glen Cove, on the 22d inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., or from Friends' Meeting-house, Westbury, at 11 o'clock of the morning, without further notice.
MATHEWS, Jr., son of P. S. Mathews.
Notice of funeral hereafter.
MCGRAW.—On Wednesday, the 17th inst., at Burlington, Vt., THOMAS MCGRAW, lumber merchant, of Albany, N. Y., in the 84th year of his age.
Funeral private on Sunday, 21st inst., at 4 P. M., at the residence of his father-in-law, Wm. Simpson, West Farms, N. Y. Carriages will be in waiting at Harlem Bridge to meet stages that leave Park-place at 1 P. M.
OGDEN.—On the 20 instant, in Paris, after a long illness, EDWARD OGDEN, of Newport, R. I.
TURNER.—Saturday, July 20, Mary, child of William and Mary Turner, aged 5 months and 5 days.
Friends are invited to attend the funeral from their residence, No. 217 Thompson-st., at 1½ o'clock on Sunday 21st.
The companions of Syrian Chapter, No. 141 R. A. M., are requested to unite with Paik Lodge No. 15, F. and A. M., in paying the last tribute of respect to our late brother, ANTHONY SIMMONS, on Sunday, 21st inst., at 1 o'clock, from the residence of the deceased, No. 1,221 2d-av. By order
A. NORTON

A MILANESE ROMANCE.

From the Manchester Guardian.

The interest of the public (writes a correspondent at Milan) is concentrated in the trial of Arcioletti, going on at the Court of Assises of this city. The accusations against him are set forth in the following indictment:

On the 24th of January, toward 7 P. M., an individual with his clothes dripping wet entered an inn situated near the Porta Nuova, and, saying that he had accidentally fallen into the Canal of Navigliv, asked to be allowed to dry himself. He was shown into a room, and every possible care was lavished on him, the good people even offering him a bed for the night, but he refused, and soon after midnight he left them to return to the town. During the time he stayed at the inn the strangers spoke but little, and answered to be very much frightened and agitated, and the people remarked that he must have fallen into the water with his feet foremost, as his hair was not wet, as he made an affirmative sign and gave no information about himself, save that he lived alone with his mother, who was infirm. On the following morning the body of an infant was discovered by some workmen in the canal of the Balossa. It was that of a pretty child of about three years old, richly dressed, and with fair curling hair. It was afterwards recognized as being that of Carlo Arcioletti, only son of Achille Arcioletti and of his wife, Teresa De Capstani d'Arasco, residing in Milan. The professional men charged with the post-mortem examination declared that the death was caused by drowning, and remarked as a strange circumstance of explosive. Now, if death the result of accident or of premeditated crime? This is the question that has now to be solved, and unfortunately the information obtained by the inquiry precludes the first supposition.

On the 24th August, 1867, Signorina Teresa, of the noble family De Capitani d'Arasco, was married to Achille Arcioletti. The lady's marriage portion was 100,000 lire, and her husband settled upon her an annuity of 50,000 lire. He had moreover, an income of 6,000 lire. It seemed at first that fate would have smiled upon a union contracted under every favorable condition of position and fortune, and cemented by the birth of a child after a year of wedded life, but it was not so. Achille Arcioletti, forgetful of his engagement, lived in extensive expenses, which he concealed from his wife, dissipated all his property, and soon ended by throwing off the mask and showing himself in his true colors, as a rough and violent person. According to the evidence of those who frequented the family, the young bride, out of decorum, and a wish to preserve domestic peace, suffered in silence for several months the abuse, threats, and violence of her husband, until, seeing that his debts increased, and that she was in danger of losing her own property, that was now the only inheritance of her son, she decided upon asking for a judicial separation, but entreated by her father, her mother, and even consented to allow her husband to dispose of the income proceeding from a property she owned at Gallbiate. This generosity did not succeed in averting the disaster, and at the end of July, 1870, Arcioletti wrote to the lawyer, telling him to watch over his wife and child, as he was obliged to fly from his creditors; for the honor of the family he would assume a false name, and let no one know the place chosen for his retreat. If fortune smiled upon him, he would return; if not, he would kill himself. His wife, greatly alarmed, addressed herself to the police, imploring the authorities to discover where her husband was, and entreating them to prevent him from giving himself up to despair. She was soon informed that he had not left Italy, and was living quietly at Naples under an assumed name. Then began a correspondence to ascertain the amount of his debts and the real state of his fortune; it was discovered that the first amounted to more than 20,000 francs; that the second was entirely dissipated, and that before leaving Milan he had secretly raised the sum of 19,000 lire upon the product of the farm of Gallbiate, property belonging to his wife alone. Thereupon his wife resolved to plead for a separate maintenance. As soon as Arcioletti was informed of this, he wrote to his wife and her lawyer several angry and threatening letters from Naples, declaring that he was most resolutely opposed to any demand for separation. In the hope of appeasing his anger, the family gave him a rendezvous at Novara. During the interview his conduct was violent and menacing, although her mother-in-law offered to remain in the room to protect him, as it nothing unpleasant had occurred, on condition that he would behave better in future and endeavor to obtain some employment. Arcioletti promised to change his mode of life, and returned to Naples, where his wife continued to send him money; but after some time he returned to Milan, took a room at the Albergo "Gran Brettagna," and insisted more than ever upon directing the administration of his wife's property, and in opposing the project of separation. One day, according to his request, Signora Arcioletti had called to see him at the hotel. He not only insulted in the rudest and most insulting language, but struck her, although she had prudently come accompanied by another person; then, taking a revolver, he left the room, saying that if she did not call him back, he would shoot himself. Incensed at the wife, accustomed to this threat, did not call him back, and he not only did not attempt to shoot himself, but declared to a witness that he could always get what he wanted out of his wife by threatening her in that way.

Some time after, yielding to his solicitations and his promises of amendment, his wife Teresa went to Milan to meet her husband at the farm of Gallbiate. One day last November, his wife having ventured to reproach him for using improper language during the dinner, and in her mother's presence, he concealed himself in her room, locked the door on her as soon as she had entered, and, twisting a silk handkerchief round her neck, attempted to strangle her. He would certainly have succeeded in doing so had not a servant who heard the bell and the screams of his mistress hurried to her assistance, kicked the door open, and succeeded in separating them. This time the cup was full, and Signora Agnoletti hastened to Milan, determined to do all she could to obtain a separation. When her husband learned that she would kill his child, herself and himself, at the first intimation he should receive of any act of this kind, she once more yielded, and on the 8th of December, 1871, they signed an agreement in which he pledged himself to remain at Gallbiate, or to go to any other place he liked, provided he did not approach the center of his wife's abode. The child was to remain with his mother, and he was to visit it only with her consent; Signora Agnoletti engaged herself to pay annually 1,500 francs by installments of three months, paid in advance; this pension was to cease when Agnoletti had entered upon a lucrative employment. He promised to do his utmost to find work in any way. The day after these conditions had been signed, Agnoletti wrote to the lawyer who had drawn them up a letter, in which he expressed his gratitude and good resolutions, and begged him to give his wife a letter he inclosed. This letter was written with so much humility and such seeming contrition, that on the 3d January his wife, having heard that he had taken a room at the "Hotel Firenze," sent the child to see him, and would have sent it again, had the weather been favorable; but it was raining heavily, and she sent a servant with a note, saying, "I hope you will not be angry if I do not send you Carletto in this weather; he shall go to you another morning if it is fine, and if you wish," &c., &c. Agnoletti, after remarking that at the weather was to be consulted at that season of the year he might never see his boy again, wrote in reply a short note that he gave to the servant. On the 8th of January, at 2 P. M., the pretty little Carletto (Arcioletti, aged 3 years and 3 months) was with his father, at the "Hotel Firenze." Agnoletti kissed him, inquired how his mamma was, gave him sweets, and others to his governess to give him on the morrow, and then continued to copy a letter of which he burnt the original. He then told the governess to be at 4 P. M. at the house of his father, where the child's family, they said, wished to see and give her back the child. She left, and he got into a carriage with Carletto, drove first to the Post-office, then to the Boulevards, and finally left the carriage at the Piazza Campo Santo. During the drive he was seen by several persons to embrace the child with fondness. Arrived at the Campo Santo, in front of Santa Marcherita, and begging the people there to take care of his son for a few minutes, went to the Piazza "dei Mercanti," and gave to one of the "fattorini" there a sealed letter containing a key and told him to carry it to Signora Agnoletti. He then returned to his child.

The grief and consternation of Signora Agnoletti on the reception of this epistle can easily be conceived. It ran thus: "Teresa, the struggle has ended in my ruin, most cruel, but the author of my grief and the despair with which your last conversation filled me, is such that I have made up my mind to give you the freedom for which you aspire; and I have decided, not through weakness, but upon a true philosophical principle, that your child shall share my fate, because what would become of him in this Universe, righteous as he would be by your side, that are so contrary to mine? A being without a heart is a lost being; of this you are a proof! I wish I could refrain, but I am led by a power superior to my will. I inclose the key of the chest of drawers in my room; in the first you will find, with other objects, part of the money which will enable you to free yourself from my person. May the remainder of your life be happy, but I fear it will not be so. —ACHILLE." Information was immediately sent to the police, and every step was taken to follow the traces of Agnoletti, and to prevent him from executing his fatal and abnormal project, but it was not discovered. It appears, however, known that he had been seen playing with Carletto in the Caffè Biffi, in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele. The discovery of the child's body, and the contents of the letter, led people to suspect that he had drowned himself in the same canal, and the reserve of the Balossa was emptied with great care. His room at the Hotel Firenze was searched. On the table was found the book of Ernesto Tommaseo, called *Il serto sul Tevere*, the serious in the Lucciolini; in the drawers a small box, on the cover of which was inscribed "Teresa, January 4, 1871," two boxes of 100 lire each, a loaded revolver, and a number of letters and papers were strewn on the floor, and the bed linen were thrown on the chairs. On the 12th of January a police agent went to Genoa to visit a steamer, the Montevideo, that was leaving for America, and while he was on board a stranger came to consult the doctor of the vessel; on being asked his name he gave that of Arnaldi Alberto di Forlì. But the agent and preservatives recognized him, and he was invited to go to the Questura, where, on being shown his photograph, he could not conceal his deep emotion. He was searched, and another revolver and a small sum of money were found in his possession.

On his first examination he declared that, worried by domestic troubles, he had formed the project of killing himself and his child, that he hoped thus to put an end to his miseries, and at the same time to punish his wife by depriving her of the society of her beloved boy. If he was crippled by her refusal to allow him to return to her home, as he loved her still more fondly than he did his son, and that for her he was capable of committing any crime. He related that he had put down the steps under the bridge of the canal, and entered the water with the child in his arms, expecting they would both be drowned, but that the water was not sufficiently deep for him, as his feet touched the ground, and it hardly reached his shoulders. He said the child fell from his embrace and disappeared, and that in spite of his efforts, he could not succeed in drowning himself, on account of his cloak that prevented his rising to the surface. He remained in the canal for nearly an hour, and then went, as we have related, to the neighboring inn to the Porta Nuova, where he dried his clothes, previous to his departure for Genoa. Achille Arcioletti is consequently, accused of having wilfully killed his child.

At the trial a great concourse of people had assembled near the Court of Assises, and it became every moment more dense. The Court was soon full to overflowing, and several ladies occupied reserved seats. The formalities prior to the jury and the witnesses lasted till noon. Arcioletti was dressed in black, and was very pale; he remained quietly seated on his bench, surrounded by several Carabineers.

The prisoner was examined. He does not deny the crime, but he denies that it was premeditated. He declared that he is incapable of having committed so odious a crime, and endeavors to prove that he is more to be pitied than to be blamed. It was not he who killed his son, it was destiny. He had thrown himself and the child into the Naviglio because a person named Dell'Aqua had been drowned in it the day before, and he wished to share the same fate. Questioned upon the letter written to his wife, Arcioletti said that the struggle it alluded to was the contrast between his character and that of his wife, and that as he could not live with her he had determined to die with his child. It annoyed him (sic) to leave it to the care of another, because he had no confidence in her, and thought she would render it as miserable as she had done himself. He relates the particulars of his marriage, of the settlement he made upon his wife, and adds that this settlement was paid as long as possible, only when he had lost all his own property he was obliged to dispose of that. This happened because he had set his establishment upon too grand a footing; his father left him 50,000 lire in 1856, which he had dissipated; not in vicious habits, but in traveling and in collecting a specimen of the fine arts. His wife, he said, had excellent qualities, but she was a spoiled child, and he pitied her; she had lost her father when very young, and her mother, an excellent woman, was too fond of her. He tried to correct her faults, but it was useless, and he lost patience. Questioned upon the discussions he had with his wife, he said they were mere trifles, nothing to strangers, but sufficient to breed discord between husband and wife; he renders full justice to her good qualities and conduct, but says that she is heartless. They had another child, the second, that died when it was quite an infant. The President remarked that he forsook his wife precisely at the time of its death. Agnoletti said they had been living in the country, and he made him unhappy because it suffer; besides he was persecuted by a creditor, and took refuge at Lecco. The accused entered into some particulars concerning his debts, and related that he went to Naples in search of employment, and succeeded in obtaining a situation with an engineer, Sig. Gaetano Lanzer, who paid him a salary of 75 lire per month. On being asked to explain the menaces he addressed to his wife and her lawyer, Agnoletti denies having used threats, but admits that there were several quarrels. He acknowledges the engagement it entered into with his wife, by which he was to leave his home to seek employment, and to live apart from his family. He was not satisfied—he was resigned. He understood that his wife loved him no longer, and wished to be separated from him. The cause of the last agreement signed between them was a foolish family discussion, of which the account given in the indictment is false. One day he was at Gallbiate with his wife, and was on the point of going to Milan, when one of his friends, Signor Fadigati, came to pay them a visit. Nevertheless, he went to Milan and returned. Fadigati had left, but soon came back also. The conversation turned upon family matters, and he happened to say that his mother-in-law was an "originale;" his wife reproached him for using the expression in presence of Signor Fadigati, and he lost his temper, he struck the table violently with his hand and exclaimed, "Per dio, I do all I can to please her and cannot succeed!" Signor Fadigati appeared to be surprised, but said they laughed, and they walked out together. The scene was repeated when Fadigati was leaving. His wife wished him to accompany their guest, he refused, and a quarrel ensued. In reply to a question addressed to him by the President, he admitted having used hasty expressions, told Fadigati that he loved his wife very much, but that he was sometimes tempted to strangle her and throw her out of the window. The following day he was ill and remained in bed, his wife did not go to see him. When he went down to dinner she did not speak to him. After the dinner he went to her room, locked the door, and advanced angrily toward her; she screamed and rang the bell; the servant came, broke the door open, and saw him quarreling with her, but he had no handkerchief in his hand, and did not attempt to strangle her. He declared that he never struck her. Agnoletti then related the scene that happened at the Hotel Gran Brettagna, after a violent altercation with his wife, (relating to her threat of separation,) and at which Signor Fadigati had been present as mediator, he took a revolver, and ran out, saying he would shoot himself; Fadigati was frightened and ran after him, but his wife said, "Do not be alarmed, he will not hurt himself."

The President asked for explanations concerning the threats he had several times proffered against his son, supposed to be revenged upon his wife. Agnoletti replied that he did not remember, and added, that when people are in a passion they often say things they do not mean. The President then reproached him with the letter he sent to his wife that contained their child's sentence of death, and that had been coolly copied and written by him, thus proving the premeditation of his awful crime. The accused said: "That letter contained the past and the future; it is not written by an *imbecile*, but by a man of spirit." Agnoletti related how he passed the remainder of the day with the child. He went to the Post-office, the Duomo, the Palace-Lotta, to Santa Marcherita, wandering from place to place, on foot or in a carriage, till he reached the brink of the canal. The child was asleep under his cloak; he went down the steps and threw himself into the water. Here the President ordered the cloak to be given him, and told him to show what had passed. Agnoletti took the cloak and wrapped it round him to show how the part of his examination he appeared to be distressed, fatigued, and repeatedly wiped the perspiration from his brow. He declared that the child fell from his arms without his perceiving it till it was too late to save it. (His voice here became hoarse, and he could not proceed.) He added that he remained for a long time expecting to die, he knew not by what means, but can be remember what followed. He at last left the water and went to the inn, where the people dried his clothes and gave him some soup. He left them at midnight, and wandered about till it was time to take the train for Genoa. He had but a few francs in his pocket, of which he gave six for his journey. He had two friends at Genoa; he called upon them and borrowed 100 francs from each, and went to see the doctor of the Montevideo, who was also one of his friends. He was recognized on board, and taken into custody.

A Blind Man May Hold Office.

It has been decided in Iowa that a blind man may legally hold office. The circumstances of the particular case are thus given by the Fort Dodge *Messenger*: "Mr. J. M. Davis was duly elected director of Sub District No. 4 District Township of Sherman, Calhoun County, Iowa, and was ousted because he was blind. Davis appealed to the county, and then to the State Superintendent of Schools, who decided that they had no jurisdiction. He then caused a suit to be commenced in the District Court in the name of the State vs. S. L. Kent, who was appointed to fill his place. The District Court decided that Mr. Kent occupied the place illegally and declared Mr. J. M. Davis entitled to the office. We do not know Mr. Kent, but presume he is a good man, yet it seems to us this is a just and righteous decision as Mr. Davis is thoroughly qualified for the position."

Curious Theft—The Object-Glass System from an Observatory.

Prof. Langley, of the Allegheny (Penn.) Observatory, has been almost heart-broken by the discovery that a large object-glass had been mysteriously carried away. The circumstances are thus stated by the Pittsburg *Dispatch*: The evening of the 3d instant each Prof. Langley and his assistant left the Observatory, locking the doors according to custom. When they returned next day they found the object-glass gone. It was a valuable instrument, and it is said could not be replaced for less than several thousand dollars. At first they were at a loss to account for the transaction, but subsequently they ascertained that a Professor who had formerly been employed at the observatory, and had been frequently heard to admire the glass, had also disappeared from his boarding-house on Anderson-street, leaving his baggage behind him. It was stated that he almost idolized the instrument, being next to himself upon the subject, and his sudden disappearance, coupled with his previous manifestations respecting the glass, led to suspicion being attached to him. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that he traveled in the direction of Chicago, and thither Mr. Alderman Bowden, of Allegheny, was some days ago dispatched, with the expectation of finding him. The person to whom suspicion attaches has always borne a character for the excellent working and miscellaneous science, and it is he who is really responsible for the affair. It resolves itself into a simple eccentricity.

MILITARY GOSSIP.

The following general order has been issued from the Head-Quarters Twenty-second Infantry, N. G., under date of July 17:

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 14.—2. This regiment will assemble at the Armory in fatigue uniform, knapsacks and overcoats rolled, on Friday the 26th inst., and proceed to Clifton, S. I., for rifle practice.

II. The command will go and return by special train, and will leave the Armory at 8 A. M., and the Twenty-third-street ferry at 8½ A. M., returning, will leave Clifton at 7.45 P. M.

III. Members will provide themselves with one day's rations.

By order of COL. JOSIAH PORTER.
JOHN H. SCOWALL, Lieut.-Col. and Acting Adjutant.

On Thursday next Company H, Thirteenth Regiment N. G., will visit Litchfield, Conn., and be the guests of Company H, Fourth Regiment, of that place. The Captain while announcing the fact to general orders, says: "Company H having received and accepted an invitation from Company H, Fourth Regiment, C. N. G., to visit Litchfield, Conn., on the 24th, the best interests of the company require that every effort should be made by all the members thereof not only to accompany the command, but to induce members of good standing in other companies to do likewise; and that we may be the better prepared to do honor to ourselves and represent the following drills are hereby ordered: On Thursday, July 18, at the City armory, in fatigue uniform, at 8 o'clock P. M.; also on Monday evening, the 22d inst., at the same hour and place in fatigue uniform with knapsacks packed and over-coats rolled. At each of the above drills a punctual attendance is absolutely necessary. On Tuesday, the 23d inst., at 6 o'clock P. M., to proceed on the excursion to Litchfield Conn. Fatigue jackets and an extra pair of white trousers will be packed in knapsack, fatigue-cap will be worn on cap, with blue bow, and white tassel of cord." The Company will proceed to Norwalk by boat, thence by rail, and will be accompanied by Gen. Jourdan. A good time is expected.

The Twenty-first Regiment of Poughkeepsie will visit Brooklyn on the 30th inst., and will be received by and be the guests of the Forty-second Regiment, N. G. The Forty-second is to be a very fine one, as the citizens of Williamsburg have come forward to assist the Forty-seventh in entertaining their visitors.

Companies E and G of the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G., leave the City to-morrow morning, under command of Capt. Webber, for Norwalk.

Col. Rockefellar, of the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G., is expected to arrive from Europe today. He will be gladly received by his many friends.

A contemporary asserts that Major Lockwood of the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G., has tendered his resignation. At present the report is considered premature.

The funeral of Col. French, late of the Twelfth Regiment, N. G., took place yesterday, and was attended by the commissioned officers and others in full dress, with the usual badge of mourning.

A special meeting of Co. G, Ninth Regiment, N. G., will be held on Tuesday evening next, for the transaction of business, and to confer with their excursion to Long Island on the 31st inst.

Gen. Townsend having approved of the grounds selected by the National Rifle Association, on Long Island, there is every prospect that they will be opened in the Fall. A surveyor is already at work, mapping it out. The ground selected is in extent 1,200 yards, with a depth of about 900 feet, resting on the railroad, from which it runs back about 3,600 feet. This gives an extreme range of 1,200 yards, the ground being 300 by 1,200 yards. The Association has the privilege of purchasing thirty acres in addition to the seventy already purchased, at the same price, viz., $300 an acre. The Long Island Guard have reason to congratulate themselves that this movement for rifle practice has taken so hopeful a shape.

Assistant-Instructor Ph. Finkeisleier, of Lieut.-Col. Reuger's Thirty-second Regiment Cadet Corps, was accidentally seriously injured in the eye with a gun at the hands of one of the cadets.

Ex-Major Fred. J. Karcher has accepted the Adjutancy of the Thirty-second Regiment N. G.

The Gen. Cathin Association, named after Brevet Major-Gen. and Col. Isaac S. Cathin, United States Army, (retired,) anticipate much pleasure on the 26th at Boulevard Grove, Williamsburg.

The Case of Edward M. Condon—Application for His Release Ineffectual.

Senator Sherman has forwarded to Mr. Condon, of Cincinnati, father of Edward M. Condon, alias Shore, now imprisoned in England, certain correspondence with Minister Schenck, including the following letter:

FOREIGN OFFICE, May 18, 1872.

SIR: With reference to my note of the 29th ult., I have the honor to acquaint you that I have received a note from the Secretary of State for the Home Department stating that the offence for which Edward M. Condon, alias Shore, was convicted was not that of participating in the Manchester riot, but of willful murder of a police constable, for which he was sentenced to death, with three others—Allen, Gould and Larkin, who were executed. Although Her Majesty's Government at the time were of opinion that Shore was legally and justly amenable to the punishment awarded him, yet there was a slight distinction to his case, which made it possible for them to recommend the Queen to remit the capital sentence passed on him, and commute it to penal servitude for life. Her Majesty's Government now see no reason for releasing Shore from prison, or making any exception in his case from the ordinary course of punishment to which convicts sentenced to penal servitude for life are subjected, and I beg to convey to you their regret that they are unable to accede to the request contained in your note of the 22d ult.

I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, Sir, your most obedient servant,

GRANVILLE.

Gen. R. C. Schenck, &c.

Queer Freak of a Pennsylvania Farmer.

The Bucks County (Penn.) *Intelligencer* says: "On a certain farm in Pine Run Valley, about three miles west of Doylestown, is a remarkable collection of hay-stacks. The owner appears to have stacked his hay for fifteen or twenty years past, without consuming much of it, and the consequence is, there are now from forty to fifty large stacks of hay on the premises. There is a group in almost every field, and the buildings are almost surrounded by them. Some of the stacks are so old and rotten that they have fallen apart and show a great gap in the middle, exposing the interior to view. These stacks probably contain, or did once, an average of eight tons each. This would make an aggregate of 400 tons, which at present City prices would be worth not far from $8,000. As many of them are quite old, the hay cannot now be of first quality. The object of this remarkable accumulation is a mystery to everybody, and the owner is said to be quite averse of selling any of it, and declined to supply some to the neighbors who ran short last Spring. If it were now put in the market it would bring enough money to put the farm in prime order and erect a first rate set of buildings."

Preparations for the Pennsylvania State Fair.

The grounds selected in Erie, Penn., for the site of the State Fair, are on the Reed Farm, adjoinside the Erie and Pittsburg Railroad track. The *Dispatch* says that the buildings for the Fair will be about twenty in all, and will be surrounded by a rough board fence, 8 feet high and about 500 feet long. They will include a horse department 130 by 48 feet; flower and fruit hall, 50 by 200 feet; dining-room, 32 by 90 feet; 160 horse stalls in all, extending eighty rods; 140 cattle stalls; 40 hog and sheep pens, each 8 by 12 feet. The rest of the buildings will be occupied by the officers and committees, for refreshment stands, &c. The contract for the erection of the buildings, fencing, &c., has been awarded, and work has been commenced. In addition to the large display of Pennsylvania products, as well as those of New-York and Ohio, a large amount may be expected from Canada, as articles for exhibition will be admitted duty free.

Fifkins, the Express Robber.

From the Albany Express, July 16.

Deputy Sheriff George Craft returned from Clinton Prison, yesterday, and reports that the prison authorities informed him that John L. Fifkins, the express robber, is the most desperate prisoner ever confined there. He has been continually making efforts to escape, and so bold and ugly is his conduct that extraordinary precautions had been resorted to to prevent his succeeding in his efforts. The beard and whiskers have been shaved from one side of his face, and the hair closely cut from the same side of his head, so that the whole side he has hair and whiskers and on the other side none. He is also manacled with extra heavy chains, which will be kept on him until he shows a more resigned disposition.

Valuable Brooch Stolen in Buffalo.

The jewelry-store of Mr. Dickenson, in Buffalo, was recently robbed in a mysterious manner of a diamond brooch, valued at $5,000. The proprietor left the store for his dinner, leaving a young lady relative in charge. On his return the valuable bauble was missing. The attendants say that not five persons visited the store while the owner was absent, and she kept her eyes on them while they were there. The stolen jewel was an old English pin of five workmanship, some in the shape of a circle, from which hung five or six long pendants. These were 640 diamonds contained in it, set in silver.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

GOVERNMENT STOCKS—10½ A. M.

$1,250 U. S. 5-20 C., '64 [illegible] | $1,200 U. S. 5-20 C., '67, 115½
1,500 U. S. 5-20 C., '68, 115½

SALES BEFORE THE CALL—10 A. M.

[illegible]

FIRST BOARD—10½ A. M.

[illegible]

GOVERNMENT STOCKS—12½ P. M.

$5,000 U.S. 5-20 R. '65, 115½ | $27,000 U.S. 5-20 C. '65, 115½

SALES BEFORE THE CALL—12½ P. M.

[illegible]

SECOND BOARD—1 P. M.

[illegible]

SATURDAY, July 20—P. M.

The week closed with decided steadiness in the Stock Market, Gold a trifle stronger than it was quoted on Friday afternoon, and the Public Funds dull, at a slight concession in some issues.

The weekly Bank return shows an increase of $1,348,400 in Specie, with a decrease of $545,100 in the Legal Tenders, adding $803,300 to the lawful Money Reserve; while the Liabilities are $1,959,900 greater than last Saturday, the Deposits being up $2,043,800, and the Circulation reduced $90,400. The surplus Reserve gains $315,075 upon these changes.

After the Second Board of the Exchange the following quotations were made as against the last figures of Friday Afternoon:

CLOSING QUOTATIONS—JULY 20.

	Friday.	Saturday.
United States New 5s	113¾	113¾
U. S. 5-20s, '65, May and Nov	116¼	116¼
U. S. 5-20s, '67, Jan. & July, xd	115¼	115¼
American Gold	114¼	114¼
Bills on London, 60 days	109¾	109¾
N. Y. Central and Hudson	97¼	98
Chicago and Rock Island	111¼	111¼
North-west Common	74¼	74¼
Pacific Mail	78	77¾
St. Paul Preferred	78¾	78¾
St. Paul Common	55¾	56
Ohio and Mississippi	46¼	46¼
Western Union Telegraph	75¼	75¼
Erie	51¾	51¼
Union Pacific	38	38¼
Lake Shore	92¼	92¼
C., C. and Indiana Central	85¾	85¾
Missouri, Kansas and Texas	42¾	42¾

At the close of the Exchange, at 3 P. M., the market was dull and steady.

UNITED STATES TREASURY, NEW-YORK, July 20.

Gold receipts	$1,826,300 22
Gold payments	419,412 96
Gold balances	99,092,564 64
Currency receipts	368,147 93
Currency payments	236,852 20
Currency balances	8,136,095 15
Customs	423,000 00

The following bids were made for the various Public Funds of the United States:

[illegible]

And the following for the Railway Mortgages:

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA STOCKS—JULY 20.

Telegraphed to Messrs. E. D. Randolph & Co.

	Bid.	Asked.
City 6s, Old	97	...
City 6s, New	101⅞	101¾
Camden and Amboy	126	...
Pennsylvania Central	88⅝	89
Reading	117	...
Lehigh Valley	49	49¼
Catawissa Preferred	45¼	45⅝
Philadelphia and Erie	21⅛	21⅜
Northern Central	39	39⅛
Lehigh Navigation	43⅝	43¾
Lehigh Gold Loan	93⅝	93

The week's imports of General Merchandise have been to the Specie value of $4,615,663.

BANKING AND FINANCIAL.

Howes & Macy, Bankers, No. 30 Wall-st., New-York, offer the same facilities to Depositors as Incorporated Banks, and allow Interest on daily Balances at the rate of Four per Cent.

BANKING AND FINANCIAL.

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY'S FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

Are being absorbed by an increasing demand for them.

Besides being the obligation of a wealthy corporation, composed of men of experience and high-toned commercial integrity, they are secured by a first mortgage on the road, revenues, land grant, franchise and equipments, combined in one mortgage, and are readily negotiable both in the markets of this country and Europe.

A liberal sinking fund provided in the mortgage deed must advance the price upon the closing of the loan. Principal and interest payable in GOLD. Interest at eight (8 p. c.) per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free of tax. Principal in thirty years. Denominations, $1,000, $500 and $100, Coupons or Registered.

Price 97½ and accrued interest in currency, from Feb. 15, 1872.

Maps, circulars, documents and information furnished.

Trustees—Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York.

The diminished quantity of these Bonds for sale, and the increased demand absorbing them, warrant the belief that they will soon be sought for at an advance considerably above the present subscription price at which they can now be had through the principal banks and bankers throughout the country, and from the undersigned, who unhesitatingly recommend them.

TANNER & CO.,
Bankers, No. 11 Wall-st.

FOREIGN MARKETS.

LONDON, July 20—11¼ A. M.—Consols opened at 92½ for money and 92¾ for the account. United States 5-20s, 1862s, 91½; 1865s, old, 92¾; 1867s, 93¾; 10-40s, 89¾.

5 P. M.—Consols and American securities unchanged.

LIVERPOOL, July 20—10¼ A. M.—Cotton—The market opened fair. Middling Uplands, 10¼d.; Middling Orleans, 10¼d. 2¼d. The sales of the day are estimated at 6,000 bales.

5 P. M.—Cotton—The market closed fair. Middling Uplands, 10¾d. 2¼d.; Middling Orleans, 10¾d. The sales of the day have been 8,000 bales, including 1,000 for export and speculation. Breadstuffs—The market is dull—Provisions—Lard, 38s. 6d. ⅌ cwt. Cheese, 56s. 6d. ⅌ cwt. Petroleum—Refined American 8d.

LONDON, July 20—Evening.—Calcutta Linseed, 63s. 6d.

⅌ ANTWERP, July 19.—Petroleum 45f. for fine pale American.

BERLIN IN SUMMER.

Notes from the Prussian Capital—The Public Buildings.

Berlin (July 1) Correspondence of the London Telegraph.

The social condition of this city at present may aptly be summed up in the words of the old German refrain, "Ach, meine liebe Augustine, Alles ist weg!" Three-fourths of the members of the Reichstag, when Excellency Delbrück had read the Royal rescript closing the Summer session of 1872, drove straight from the Leipzigerstrasse to the various railway stations, and the other fourth followed their example next day. The King has gone to Ems, whence His Majesty will depart, after four weeks or so, for Gastein, his favorite "Kur-Ort"—paying his customary round of visits to the salubrious hills between Rhine and Maine, on the way to the Salzkammergut. With the exception of the Crown Prince's family, all the members of the Royal house have left the capital; so have the three or four hundred noble persons who constitute society here. There are in Berlin only 9,000 people enjoying an income of more than a hundred a year; so the exodus is the doing of a never large, nor does it cause the least appreciable difference in the aspect of the city. Except in the Thiergarten, where crapulous droskeys have utterly supplanted such private vehicles as Berlin can boast, does the *habitué* become sensibly apprehensive of the change brought about in the appearance of any place of public resort by the flight of the *beau monde* from the maloderous banks of the Spree. The Linden is fuller at this season of the year than in the Winter, when "everybody" is at Berlin. Its central avenue, agreeably shaded by the foliage of the linden-tree from which it takes its name, and liberally furnished with benches as well as with "Trinkhalle," is a pleasant lounge, much affected by the obscurer heroes of the Prussian Guard when not on duty—for it is the favorite haunt of nurse-maids from all parts of the Friedrichstadt. Its superiority in education to the British bagionary, are greatest street of Gotst, is the same as probably that is a part of every true-born Prussian's nature, do not render the Northern warrior one whit more impervious to Cupid's dart than is the far more kindly, easy-going English trooper or lineman. Mr. Pepys would have deemed it "pretty to see" these tender-hearted maidens hitching themselves confidingly into the Guardsmen, the while their infant charges stray about under the heels of the horses in the adjoining "Reitallee" or brawl in seething heaps of gravelly arms, legs and heads, up and down the centre of the main avenue, with as much noise and ferocity as if they were grown up Belgians out on a holiday.

The sidewalks of the Linden, fronting which are to be seen all the prize shop-windows of the Kaiserstadt, exhibit on unusually large number of strange faces. One, at least, of every four men you meet during your afternoon stroll is a foreigner stopping for a day or two at Berlin on his way to some more interesting, particularly sightseeing, to find something worth looking at in a city numbering nearly a million of inhabitants. He must be of a happy disposition, easily to be gratified, if he succeed. This is a place singularly forlorn of attractions to the stranger within its gates. Outside these portals it owns one place of entertainment second to none of its kind in Europe—the Zoological Gardens, which in several respects can give pounds to Regent's Park, Amsterdam, or Cologne; but within the precincts of the many "Thoren" that define the limits of the city, there is scarcely a monument of antiquity or a specimen of modern architecture worth the trouble of crossing the street to see. After the churches, many of them have attained the sublimity of hideousness. The Cathedral looks like a seedy militia barrack, dismally surrounded by two feeble and bloated pepper-boxes, somewhat akin—though far less sprightly—to those of Trafalgar-square. The King's palace is not unlike Hanover House in Manchester-square, viewed with any one of the corner mansions in Belgrave-square. Tyburnia owns many handsomer dwellings than the Kronprinzliches Palais—Prince Karl's own residence would strike you as a small, modest tenement, were it situated in Park-lane. Some seven or eight monuments, I am assured, that they occupy—but none of these are remarkable for size or architectural beauty. The finest private residence in Berlin belongs to Dr. Strousberg, the modern railway king. In many respects, indeed, it is unique, as being amply provided with what Englishmen are taught to consider the chief pleasures of life, viz., the luxuries and comforts of life. The Museum and Schloss are the large buildings, not particularly handsome, but impressive by reason of their enormous size. No, there is not much to see in Berlin. Thousands of foreigners visit it in the course of the year, one only in passing or on business; most of the rest come, or should come, only to satisfy a curiosity. Upper-class Russia annually empties herself into Central and Southern Europe through a tunnel, and that tunnel is Berlin. Nobody, not even of Prussian origin, stays an hour longer in it than he must. And no wonder. Why should you or anybody else stop in a city which is threatened with pestilence through the reckless defiance of sanitary laws persistently manifested by its citizens—with pavements which will lame the stoutest pedestrian—without a single restaurant where you can get food properly cooked or a really excellent glass of wine—and as dear as Paris, if not even dearer? With its overcrowded houses, its large surplus population camping out on every available plot of ground, its land-sharks, its gaunt eyes in open drains and poisoned wells, one may well shudder at the thought of the horrors that may befall Berlin should the three months to come prove unusually hot and dry. It seems that there is some hope of ultimate remedy for the most terrible of all the evils by which this city is afflicted; for the recently-nominated Chief Mayor is, I am told, determined to give the Council no rest until it shall have adopted one of the plans recently submitted to its consideration, and shall have voted the money for carrying the selected project into execution. To drain Berlin will cost millions and take years; but no hope that its population may not be decimated by a sweeping epidemic ere M. Hobrecht shall have overcome the scruples of his Councilors as to raising money by loan—scruples which appear incomprehensible when one considers the magnitude of the disease to be cured. Berlin is entirely modernized, the fact that Berlin could contain tomorrow as much money as she might ask for at four per cent., so high stands her credit.

Collector Judd.

Hon. Norman B. Judd entered upon his duties as Collector of the port of Chicago on Wednesday afternoon. The *Inter-Ocean* says that he receipted to Mr. McLean for the property appertaining to the office, exclusive only the funds in the United States Depository, bonds for which have not yet been forwarded by Mr. Judd. It is understood that the new Collector contemplates no immediate changes in the departments of the Custom-house. He is, of course, harassed by a swarm of seekers for appointments, and, in general answer to special applications, says that he has no present purpose of creating vacancies to make room for new appointees.

FINANCIAL.

THE MILWAUKEE AND NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

Capital Stock $2,000,000
First Mortg'e Bonds . . 2,250,000

LENGTH OF ROAD, 120 MILES.

CONNECTING CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE WITH GREEN BAY AND MENASHA.

Fifty Miles are already finished, equipped, and earning interest from local business alone. The balance is under contract to be completed this year.

Ninety miles will be in operation by the 1st of October, as the iron is on hand and being laid at the rate of half a mile per day.

The Bonds are issued at the rate of only $13,000 per little mile when finished, fully finished and equipped.

They bear interest at the rate of 8 per Cent. per annum, payable June and December, FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX, and are offered for the present at 90 and accrued interest.

Suitable discounts taken in exchange at the market rate.

GREENLEAF, NORRIS & Co.
No. 66 Exchange-place.

JULY INVESTMENTS.
10 TO 15 PER CENT. INTEREST.
CHOICE MUNICIPAL BONDS.
SAFETY AND PROF

DRY GOODS.

A. T. Stewart & Co.

Will offer on MONDAY, July 22,

A LARGE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF SUMMER DRESS SILKS, consisting of Plaids, Stripes, Checks, Plain Colors, Brocade, &c., $1½ each upward.

LINEN SUITS, HANDSOMELY TRIMMED, $12 each upward.

LINEN SUITS, very handsome, $25 each upward.

BLACK SILK SUITS, very stylish, only $60.

Striped Japanese Silks, only $22.

Parisian Sateens, Sheeting, by YARD and piece, 25c each upward.

About half the cost.

Palmetto Hats,

TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED, in great variety.

REAL THREAD LACE COLLARS, 50c. each upward.

Point Applique and Point Gaze Handkerchiefs, $5 each upward.

Alexandre's Celebrated Kid Gloves and GAUNTS DE SUEDE, in choice colors.

Mourning,

as well as other orders for

Fashionable Dressmaking

EXECUTED UNDER SUPERIOR MANAGEMENT at 1 to 3 days' notice.

MAIL ORDERS for samples carefully and promptly filled.

Strangers visiting and the residents of neighboring cities will find on inspection very special and decided bargains.

BROADWAY, 4TH-AV., 9TH AND 10TH STS.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

BROADWAY AND 11TH-ST.,

OFFER

GREAT BARGAINS

IN

PLAIN AND FANCY SUMMER SILKS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TO CLOSE THE SEASON,

ALSO,

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST COLLECTION OF BLACK SILKS

TO BE FOUND IN THIS MARKET.

STRANGERS VISITING THE CITY ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO EXAMINE.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

BROADWAY AND 11TH-ST.,

ON MONDAY, JULY 22,

WILL CLOSE OUT THE BALANCE OF THEIR LOW-PRICED FANCY SUMMER DRESS GOODS, REGARDLESS OF COST.

ALSO, ALL OUR MORE EXPENSIVE DRESS GOODS,

OF EVERY VARIETY OF STYLE AND TEXTURE,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

CUSTOMERS AND STRANGERS PLEASE EXAMINE.

LADIES' New and Beautiful Styles FOR THE HOT SEASON Received daily from our workrooms, in

LADIES' LINENS, SUITS
LADIES' LAWNS, SUITS
LADIES' Pongees, SUITS
LADIES' GRENADINES, SUITS
LADIES' Japanese Silks, SUITS
LADIES' LINEN SUITS At $8 and upward, SUITS
LADIES' LAWN SUITS At $4 and upward, SUITS
LADIES' GRENADINE SUITS At $18 and upward. SUITS

Ladies will find the MATERIAL and MANUFACTURE of our garments equal to any first-class Broadway store, and "OUR PRICES" forty or fifty per cent less.

W. K. PEYTON,

NOS. 372 AND 374 BROADWAY.

A COMPLETE SACRIFICE OF IRON GRENADINES.

Warranted Pure Silk and Wool.

Positively at less than 50 cents on the Dollar.

JACKSON'S MOURNING STORE,

Cor. Broadway and Waverley-place.

INSTRUCTION.

DRESS REFORM.—MADAME JENNY JUN, Principal of the Brooklyn Institute and Day School for Young Ladies and Children, No. 46 West 17th-st., will re-open Thursday, Sept. 26. Application may be made by letter, as personally, at above.

MLLES. CHABRONNIERES' FRENCH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for Young Ladies, No. 5 East 59th-st., New-York, (formerly No. 41 Avenue de Wagram, Paris), will be re-opened on AUGUST 29. Mlle. Chabronnier will be in New-York when Mlles. Chabronnier will be in New-York.

$2.50—WRITING, 24 LESSONS; BOOK-keeping, arithmetic, grammar, pronunciation; vocation; ladies and gents; all branches. PAIN'S Business College, No. 62 Bowery; ladies qualified as book-keepers and cashiers.

FURNITURE.

ESTABLISHED 1807.

D. S. COLYER, SWAIT & CO., 125 Chatham-st., New-York, MANUFACTURERS OF PARLOR AND BEDROOM SUITES, DINING-ROOM SUITES, MIRROR-FRONT DRESSERS, and a general and varied assortment of every description of FURNITURE, CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, MATTRESSES, BEDDING, &c. PAYMENTS RECEIVED, IN INSTALMENTS, IF DESIRED.

INSURANCE.

AT REASONABLE RATES.—MONEY on Life and Endowment Insurance Policies; also on Bonds and Mortgages. Insurance of all kinds effected with the Manhattan Life Ins. Co. Apply at the Company, Trinity Building.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOUNDRY, FOR SALE OR TO LEASE, suitable for manufacturing purposes, Nos. 16, 18 and 20 Forest-st., Williamsburg, Long Island.

PROPOSALS.

POST-OFFICE AND SUB-TREASURY, BOSTON, MASS., Office of Superintendent, June 24, 1872.

WHOLESALE RIDE CART-IRON WORK.—Sealed proposals will be received at the place of the Superintendent, until 12 M., July 24, 1872, for furnishing, delivering, and putting in place in the vestibule and lobby of the new Post-Office building, the ornamental iron work, consisting of the ornamental iron work, decorated in the manner of the ornamental iron work in the schedule, for the entrance to first floor; two staircases from first to second floor; one staircase from second to attic floor; two flights of stairs on third floor; stair from third to fourth floor; flight of stairs and window frames, finishers, &c., ceiling of banking room, and the Post-office street, &c.

Copies of the drawings, specifications and schedule may be had on application at this office.

All accepting proposals of the committee to see the work in place will be furnished by the Government with free of charge, but will be required by the contractors.

Proposals will be made by the piece, lineal foot, or weight, for the various items of work, as called for in the schedule. The work will not be substituted nor any different substituted, but will be considered in the aggregate.

Payments will be made monthly, deducting ten per centum until the final completion of the contract.

Proposals must be accompanied by a bond in the sum of fifty thousand dollars, ($50,000,) that the bidder will accept and perform the contract if awarded him, and give security satisfactory to the Commissioners, in the sum of $200,000, conditioned that he will faithfully perform the contract—such bond to be executed at once date with the contract.

Payments will be made at the work progresses, under the direction of the Commissioners, for all work executed, but a reservation of ten per cent will be made in each case until the completion of the building.

The Commissioners reserve to themselves the right to reject any and all bids as they may judge the interest of the Government may require.

Every bid should be addressed "To the President of the Board of Commissioners for the erection of a State-house at Hartford, Hartford, Conn."

MARCUS TERRELL, WILLIAM D. WHIPMAN, WILLIAM H. BARNUM, WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN, HENRY P. HAVEN, } Commissioners.

UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE, THIRD STORY, UNION BANK BUILDING, FAYETTE, NEAR CHARLES-ST., BALTIMORE, MD., July 8, 1872.

PROPOSALS

Are invited for dredging and removing about 75,000 cubic yards of sand, mud, &c., from the south channel of the Appomattox River, near Petersburg, Virginia.

Proposals will state price per yard for material removed in scow, including excavation and removal; kind and number of machines proposed to be used; time of beginning; average daily amount of excavation.

Proposals, to be sealed, in duplicate, endorsed on outside, on forms furnished from this office, accompanied by a copy of this advertisement, will be received until noon of Aug. 7, 1872, and will be opened in the presence of bidders or in presence of such bidders as may wish to be present.

The right to reject any bid is reserved.

Forms of proposals, specifications, and any other desired information, can be had on application at this office.

Major of Engineers United States Army.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED until noon of the 23d day of July, 1872, at the office of the Supervising Architect, Treasury Department, Washington, D.C., for 2,000 cubic yards more or less, Granite, Limestone, or other hard, durable stone, broken to pass a ring two inches in diameter, suitable for concrete. The proposals to be accompanied by a sample of the stone.

Proposals will be made by the cubic yard, and will be accepted for any quantity not less than a yard, as ascertained by the superintendent, by measuring accurately and weighing the same.

All bids must be made on the printed form, to be obtained of the Supervising Architect, Washington, or the Collector of Customs, Chicago, Ill., and will be accompanied by a penal bond in the sum of $5,000 that the bidder will accept and perform the contract, if awarded him.

All of the concrete stone needed will require to be delivered within forty days after the contract is entered into.

The right to reject any or all the bids is reserved.

Proposals must be inclosed in a sealed envelope and indorsed "Proposals for Concrete Stone, New Government Buildings, Chicago, Ill," and addressed to SUPERVISING ARCHITECT, Treasury Department.

UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE, THIRD-STORY, UNION BANK BUILDING, FAYETTE-ST. NEAR CHARLES, BALTIMORE, MD., July 13, 1872.

PROPOSALS ARE INVITED FOR ADDITIONAL dredging at Queenstown, Md., from Chester River to Queenstown.

Proposals to be sealed, in duplicate, indorsed on outside, and accompanied by a copy of this advertisement, will be received until noon of Aug. 17, 1872, and will be opened in ten minutes thereafter, in presence of such bidders as may wish to be present.

The material is easily removed. There is no rock. The channel is not to exceed about eight feet in depth at mean low water; the locality is sheltered.

Specifications, forms of proposal, and any desired information, to be had on application at this office.

The right to reject any bid is reserved.

WM. P. CRAIGHILL, Major of Engineers, United States Army.

DEPOT QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1872.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED at this office (where proper forms will be furnished) until 12 o'clock M., TUESDAY, Aug. 20, 1872, for the delivery at the Schuylkill Arsenal, Pennsylvania, of

10,000 pairs of Woolen Mittens,
200 Storm Flag Bulletins,
1,000 yards of Crimson Worsted Lace, ½ inch,
1,000 yards of Crimson Worsted Lace, ¾ inch.

All to be of army standard, samples of which can be seen at this office.

Deputy Quartermaster General, U. S. A.

U. S. ENGINEER'S OFFICE, COR. HOUSTON AND GARDEN-STS., NEW-YORK, July 18, 1872.

PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED AT THE office until noon on the 29th day of August, 1872, for dredging at different points on the Delaware River, Georgia. Total quantity of dredging about 70,000 cubic yards. For specifications and all necessary information, apply to the undersigned.

C. A. GILLESPIE, Major of Engineers, Brevet Major-General, U. S. A.

NEW-YORK, July 12, 1872.

PROPOSALS FOR GRANITE.—EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—Sealed proposals will be received to July 29, 1872, for the delivery of 4,500 cubic yards of granite face stone for the Brooklyn tower, during the months of September, October and November. Plans and specifications to be seen at the engineer's office, as sealed in application. Proposals will be directed to the New-York Bridge Company, corner of Front and Fulton-sts., Brooklyn, N. Y.

UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE, THIRD STORY, UNION BANK BUILDING, FAYETTE-ST. NEAR CHARLES, BALTIMORE, MD., July 13, 1872.

PROPOSALS ARE INVITED FOR A SUBMERSED dredging at Cambridge, Md. Proposals to be sealed, in duplicate, indorsed on outside, and accompanied by a copy of this advertisement, will be received until noon of Aug. 14, 1872, and will be opened in ten minutes thereafter, in presence of such bidders as may wish to be present.

The material is easily removed. There is no rock. The channel is not to exceed about eight feet in depth at mean low water. The locality is sheltered.

Specifications, forms of proposal and any desired information to be had on application at this office.

The right to reject any bid is reserved.

WM. P. CRAIGHILL, Major of Engineers, United States Army.

SHIPPING.

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW-YORK, CORK AND LIVERPOOL.

FIRST AND FULL-POWERED STEAM-SHIPS, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

OCEANIC, BALTIC, ADRIATIC, REPUBLIC, CELTIC, BAltIC, ATLANTIC.

5,000 tons burden—2,000 horse-power.

Sailing from New-York on SATURDAYS, from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, calling at Cork Harbor.

OCEANIC.....Saturday, July 27, at 10 A. M.
REPUBLIC.....Saturday, Aug. 3, at 7 A. M.
ADRIATIC.....Saturday, Aug. 10, at 7 A. M.
BALTIC.....Saturday, Aug. 17, at 10 A. M.

From the White Star Dock, Twenty-fourth Street, Jersey City. Passenger accommodations (for all classes) unsurpassed in elegance and comfort.

RATES, SPEED AND COMFORT.

Elegant saloons, staterooms and bathrooms in midship section, where least motion is felt. Surgeons and stewardesses accompany these steamers.

RATES—Saloon, $80 gold; steerage, $30, including bedding and utensils. Children under 8 years, $15; under 1 year, $5. Children under 1 year, free. Those wishing to send for friends from the old country can now obtain drafts payable at sight, for any amount, payable at or from all ports of America, Paris, Hamburg, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Australia, New Zealand, &c.

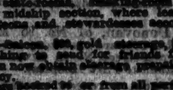
Drafts from $1 upward.

For inspection of plans and other information, apply at the Company's offices, No. 19 Broadway, New-York.

Bills of lading issued through to Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Omaha, San Francisco, &c.

J. B. SPARKS, Agent.

CUNARD LINE.



THE BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL STEAM-SHIPS BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT CORK HARBOR.

FROM NEW-YORK. FROM LIVERPOOL.
Scotia.....Wed'day, July 31 Algeria.....Saturday, July 27
Java.....Wed'day, Aug. 21 Persia.....Saturday, July 27
China.....Wed'day, Aug. 28 Calabria.....Saturday, Aug. 3
Russia.....Wed'day, Aug. 7 Abyssinia.....Saturday, Aug. 10
Cuba.....Wed'day, Aug. 14 Batavia.....Sat'day, Aug. 17

AND EVERY SUCCEEDING WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY from New-York.

RATES OF PASSAGE—Cabin, $80, $100, $120, gold, according to accommodation. Tickets to Paris, $115 gold, additional. Return tickets on favorable terms. Steerage, $30, currency.

Steerage tickets from Liverpool and Queenstown, and all parts of Europe, at lowest rates. Through bills of lading given for Belfast, Glasgow, Havre, Antwerp, and other ports on the Continent, and for Mediterranean ports. For freight and cabin passage apply at the Company's office, No. 4 Bowling-green; for steerage passage, at No. 111 Broadway, Astor House, or 586 Broadway.

OBER G. FRANCKLIN, Agent.

Reduction in Passage Rates.

ANCHOR LINE.

EXPRESS PASSENGER STEAMERS SAILING FROM NEW-YORK EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Passengers booked and forwarded to and from all railway stations in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden or Denmark; and America as easily, speedily, comfortably and cheaply as by any other route or line.

THE NEW DEPARTURES.

SATURDAY STEAMERS. WEDNESDAY STEAMERS.
Columbia.....July 20 Algeria.....July 24
Europa.....July 27 Olympia.....July 31
Anglia.....Aug. 3 Columbia.....Aug. 7
Delta.....Aug. 10 Tripoli.....Aug. 14
Europa.....Aug. 17 Algeria.....Aug. 21
Australia.....Aug. 24 Britannia.....Aug. 28

At noon, from Pier No. 20 North River, New-York. Currency rates of passage to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, or Derry, by Saturday's steamers, $60; by Saturday's steamers, $65 and $70; excursion tickets, $120; intermediate, $35; steerage, $28. Certificates at lowest rates can be bought here by those wishing to send for their friends.

Apply at the Company's offices in

HENDERSON BROTHERS, No. 7 Bowling-green.

ONLY DIRECT LINE TO HAVRE.

THE GENERAL TRANSATLANTIC COMPANY'S MAIL STEAM-SHIPS BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND HAVRE, CALLING AT BREST.

The splendid vessels on this favorite route for the Continent will sail from Pier No. 50 North River as follows:

ST. LAURENT.....Saturday, July 27
WASHINGTON.....Saturday, Aug. 10
FRANCE.....Saturday, Aug. 24
VILLE DE PARIS.....Saturday, Sept. 7

PRICE OF PASSAGE IN GOLD (including wine) TO BREST OR HAVRE.

First cabin.....$125 | Second cabin.....$75

To Paris, $5 and $3 additional.

Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

These steamers do not carry steerage passengers.

American travelers going to or returning from the Continent of Europe, by taking the steamers of this line, avoid the annoyance of a night in Liverpool and the discomforts of crossing the Channel, besides saving time, trouble and expense.

GEORGE MACKENZIE, Agent, No. 52 Broadway.

INMAN LINE FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.

Royal Mail Steamers are appointed to sail as follows:

CITY OF MONTREAL.....Saturday, July 20, 8 A. M.
CITY OF BRISTOL.....Saturday, July 27, 10 A. M.
CITY OF BRUSSELS.....Saturday, July 27, 11 A. M.
CITY OF LONDON.....Tuesday, Aug. 6, 11 A. M.
CITY OF PARIS.....Saturday, Aug. 3, 2 P. M.

and each succeeding SATURDAY and THURSDAY, from Pier No. 45 North River.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Payable in Gold.		Payable in Currency.	
First cabin	$75	Steerage	$28
To London	$80	To London	$30
To Paris	$90	To Paris	$40

Passengers also forwarded to Havre, Hamburg, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, at reduced rates.

Tickets can be bought here at moderate rates by persons wishing to send for their friends.

Through Bills Lading given on shipments of goods to Havre and Antwerp.

Drafts issued at lowest rates.

For further information, apply at the Company's office.

JOHN G. DALE, Agent, No. 15 Broadway, New-York.

NATIONAL LINE OF STEAM-SHIPS.

WEEKLY TO QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.

FORTNIGHTLY TO AND FROM LONDON DIRECT.

From Piers Nos. 43 and 47 North River.

TO QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.

SPAIN, GRACE.....Saturday, July 27, at 10½ A. M.
HOLLAND, BERG.....Saturday, Aug. 3, at 7 P. M.
ROYAL GEORGE, LEWIS.....Sunday, Aug. 11, at 9 A. M.
ITALY, THOMPSON.....Saturday, Aug. 17, at 3 P. M.

TO LONDON DIRECT.

DENMARK, SUNDEE.....Wednesday, July 31, at 1½ P. M.
CHEMUNG, THOMAS.....Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 1 P. M.
HELVETIA, GENOA.....Wed'day, Aug. 28, at 2 P. M.

Cabin passage.....$75 and $80, currency.
Steerage.....$28 gold.

Prepaid steerage tickets from Liverpool, Queenstown, Londonderry, Glasgow or London, $30, currency.

For further information apply at the Company's office, No. 69 Broadway. F. W. J. HURST, Manager.

ATLAS STEAM-SHIP CO.

FOXWOOD LINE OF STEAMERS TO JAMAICA AND SAVANILLA, UNDER CONTRACT TO THE SPANISH MAILS.

The contract for conveying the mails between New-York and Kingston, Jamaica, having been awarded by His Excellency the Governor of Jamaica, to the proprietors of this line, the steamers of the Atlas Steamship Company will be dispatched every month as follows, commencing in September next:

From NEW-YORK on the 20. (Should this date fall on a Sunday, the steamer will sail the day before.) Due at KINGSTON, Jamaica, on the 24th; due at SAVANILLA on the 12th.

Returning from KINGSTON to NEW-YORK on the 24th.

Best rates of freight and passage—special attention being paid to insure the comfort of passengers—apply to the agents,

LEGGE, HARRISON & FOXWOOD, Liverpool and London, or to their agents,

PIM, FOXWOOD & CO., 22 Wall-st., New-York.

McDOWELL & BARDLAY, Kingston, Jamaica.

FOR LIVERPOOL, (VIA QUEENSTOWN,) CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAILS.

THE LIVERPOOL AND GREAT WESTERN STEAM COMPANY will dispatch one of their first-class full-power screw steam-ships from PIER NO. 4 NORTH RIVER, EVERY WEDNESDAY, as follows:

WERNERSKA, Capt. Grant.....July 24, at 3 P. M.
WYOMING, Capt. Wildman.....July 31, at 3 P. M.
MINNESOTA, Capt. Morgan.....Aug. 7, at 3 P. M.
IDAHO, Capt. Brown.....Aug. 14, at 1 P. M.
MANHATTAN, Capt. J. R. Price..Aug. 21, at 3 P. M.
WISCONSIN, Capt. T. W. Freeman.Aug. 28, at 2 P. M.

Cabin passage, $80 gold.
Steerage passage, (Office No. 69 Broadway,) $30, currency.

For freight or cabin passage apply to WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 6 Wall-st.

FOR SAVANNAH, GA., THE FLORIDA PORTS, AND THE SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST.

GREAT SOUTHERN FREIGHT AND PASSENGER LINE.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF GEORGIA AND ATLANTIC AND GULF RAILROAD.

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

THE STEAMSHIPS

SAN SALVADOR, Capt. Nickerson, SATURDAY, July 20, from Pier No. 8 North River, at 3 P. M.

WM. R. GARRISON, Agent, No. 6 Bowling-green.

LEO, Capt. Dearborn, WEDNESDAY, July 24, from Pier No. 15 East River, at 2 P. M.

MURRAY, FERRIS & CO., Agents, No. 56 South-st.

SAN JACINTO, Capt. Hallett, SATURDAY, July 27, from Pier No. 8 North River, at 3 P. M.

WM. R. GARRISON, Agent, No. 6 Bowling-green.

BUNTSVILLE, Capt. Crowell, WEDNESDAY, July 31, from Pier 24 N. North River, at 2 P. M.

R. LOWDEN, Agent, No. 6 West-st.

Insurance by this line ONE-HALF PER CENT. Superior accommodations for passengers.

Through rates and bills of lading in connection with Central Railroad of Georgia, to all points.

Through rates and bills of lading in connection with the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad.

C. D. OWENS, Agent, No. 229 Broadway. | GEORGE YONGE, Agent, G. S. R. R., No. 66 Broadway.

DIRECT LINE TO HAVANA.

HAVANA PROGRESO AND VERA CRUZ.

New-York and Mexican Mail Steamship Line, leaving Pier 77 E. River, at 2 P. M. direct to Havana.

CITY OF HAVANA, Dexter.....Wed'day, July 24
CITY OF MERIDA, Trumbull.....Saturday, Aug. 10

For freight or passage apply to

F. ALEXANDER & SONS, No. 22 Broadway.

POSTPONEMENT.—The new steamer CITY OF HAVANA will sail on WEDNESDAY, at 11 A. M., instead of Saturday, 20th.

UNITED STATES PASSPORT BUREAU.—United States passports, indispensable to travelers, issued by J. E. NONES, Passport Agent, No. 8 Dutch-st., corner of Broadway.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

ADVERTISEMENTS ARE RECEIVED AT THE NEW-YORK TIMES OFFICE, No. 41 Park-row, corner of Beekman-st., from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M. Saturdays, 8 A. M. to 2 P. M. Sunday, 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

NO EXTRA CHARGE WHATEVER.

HARRISON AVENUE HOTEL, BOSTON, FIRST-CLASS HOTEL—EUROPEAN PLAN. GAS AND STEAM. INDICATOR. EVERYTHING NEW.

BROOKLYN.—LARGE PLEASANT FRONT room with board for gentleman and wife or two male gentlemen; all conveniences available. Also, room to gentleman with board; $6 per week; convenient to Fulton Ferry cars. No. 48 Raymond-st., between Smith and Hoyt-sts.

A GERMAN GENTLEMAN DOING BUSINESS in the City, desiring the ease and refinement of home, will try by having air and wine and may have the same with an American family. Address HOUSEHOLD, Box 206 Tribune Office.

NO. 26 WEST 12TH-ST., NEAR 5TH-AV., with board; newly furnished rooms, large and small, for families or single gentlemen; hours and table first-class.

NO. 46 SOUTH WASHINGTON-SQUARE.—An entire elegant full parlor floor, with board, to a single gentleman, would be rented at a reduced price.

NO. 125 WEST 23D-ST.—TO LET, WITH board, a second and third floor, handsomely furnished, to families and single gentlemen; house, location and table first-class; references exchanged.

NO. 26 WEST 39TH-ST.—LARGE FRONT room, elegantly furnished, on second floor; two bed-rooms on third floor, with board at Summer rates.

SUMMER RESORTS.

PALISADES MOUNTAIN HOUSE, ELEVEN MILES FROM THE CITY HALL.

This new and elegant hotel, on the west bank of the Hudson, is now open for the reception of guests. The commanding position, the magnificent scenery, the salubrity of the air, the grandeur of the views and the facility of communication with the City are unsurpassed by any place in the country. It is under the management of

LEVI LAVINE, P. LOZIER, JR., HITHERTO THE PROPRIETOR OF THE COSSEBOOM WEEHAWKEN HOTEL.

Communication from New-York by steamers Adelphi and Alpine at 9 and 9½ A. M., foot of Harrison-st., by Yonkers trains to Inwood, connecting with ferry; or by the Northern Railroad of New-Jersey through Englewood, connecting with stages. For terms apply to the proprietors, or at the hotel, or by letter to Englewood, N. J.

CHARLES E. MURRAY.

A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER RESORT.

Farm House, Beaver Lake, in Township No. 4, Brown Track, Summer resort for gentlemen and their families. Good fishing, excellent for hunting and shooting parties. For terms, &c., address SENTON & GREEN, Watson, Lewis County, N. Y.

Refer, by permission, to S. B. Richard, No. 12 Pine-st., New-York, and Wm. Carpenter, No. 41 Pine-st.

WOODSBURGH PAVILION, Woodsburgh, Long Island, TWO MILES FROM ROCKAWAY, OVERLOOKING THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

THIS MAGNIFICENT HOTEL is now open for the reception of guests; can be reached by South-side Railroad or Long Island Railroad; fourteen trains daily; on Sunday or excursion trains can stop at Woodsburgh.

N. F. SEWELL, Prop.

PROSPECT PARK HOTEL, Catskill, N. Y.,

Will open June 10. Home 250 feet elevation, with extensive grounds of some seventeen acres on the Hudson. Mountain air; scenery unsurpassed in the world. Pleasure grounds extended and improved. First-class accommodations for 200 or 400 guests; accessible by boats and cars. Address JNO. BREASTED, Catskill.

ST. JAMES HOTEL, FAR ROCKAWAY, LONG ISLAND.

Fine view of the ocean; best surf and still-water bathing on the coast; superior accommodations for 300 guests; one hour by Long Island Railroad.

F. A. DABRAGH, Proprietor.

COTTAGE LAWN, STOFFORD'S POINT.—Two houses at that delightful point are now open as first-class family houses; fine bathing, boating and fishing, with plenty of shade and fruit trees; three minutes from Harlem Bridge; Carriages will run from Remsen House at the Bridge at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. daily, Sundays excepted. Address J. W. MEAGHER, at Remsen House.

CHATAUGAY LAKE.—A DELIGHTful resort for Summer boarders. A beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by wood-crowned hills; water pure; air pure and bracing; fish and game in abundance. For particulars address D. W. MERRILL, Chateaugay Lake, Franklin County, N. Y.

LINWOOD HOUSE—ON THE PALISADES; first-class house newly furnished; an hour from the City by boat from Spring-st., at 10, 2, 3½ and 5 P. M. Fare, 25 cts. Stages meet the steamers at the Weehawken Ferry.

MOUNTAIN-VIEW HOUSE.—GERMANtown, N. Y., on the Hudson River, opposite Catskill Mountains. Board at reasonable rates. Address F. W. ROCKEFELLER, Proprietor.

VERMONT SUMMER HOME, POULTney, Vt., Rev. J. NEWMAN, D. D., proprietor. Open from May 1. Special rates to families and season borders.

COUNTRY BOARD.

COUNTRY BOARD CAN BE ENGAGED at the farm of the subscriber, combining the advantages of good table and accommodations, charming country, health and pleasantness of locality; communication with City by boat and rail. Address H. E. Bogue, Ulster County, N. Y.

PUBLIC NOTICES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO all parties interested, that the Commissioners appointed under chapter 580, Laws of 1872, will meet in the Chamber of the Board of Aldermen, on MONDAY afternoon, July 22, 1872, at 4 o'clock, to examine into the facts and circumstances relating to the contracts made by the Mayor, &c., of the City of New-York, with the following named persons, to wit:

No.	Contract.
2130—Thos. Hayden, 5th-av., sewer, between 24th and 25th sts.	
2075—Jno. Lenahan, 42d-st., stone-block paving, 5d and 6th-avs.	
2146—Geo. T. LaDue, 52d-st., flagging, 8th and 9th-avs.	
2207—Michael Noonan, Church-st., sewer, between Duane and Morris-sts.	
2199—Saml. R. Smith, 42d-st., sewer, between 12th-st. and Harlem River, with branches.	
1622—Geo. F. White, E. D. Brown, pt. asst., Washington-st., sewer, between Charlton and King.	
2060—Hugh Masterson, 124th-st., sewer, between 3d and 4th-avs.	
2228—T. G. O'Brien, sewer in Hudson-st., between Bank and West 12th-st., and between Horatio and Gansevoort-sts.	
2168—Patrick Gibney, flagging, Attorney-st., Grand to Broome-st.	
2261—Patrick Gibney, cross-walk, corner Broadway and Lawrence-st.	
2242—Patrick Gibney, cross-walk, Broadway, from Nos. 1,196 to 1,201.	
2179—Patrick Gibney, flagging, Charlton-st., Hudson to Greenwich-st.	
2268—Patrick Gibney, flagging, Chatham Square, Mulberry to Worth-st.	
2246—Patrick Gibney, curbing, gutter and flagging, Bowery, from Grand to Spring-st.	
2140—Patrick Gibney, flagging, 10th-st., (East) from Nos. 205 to 209.	
2316—Patrick Gibney, flagging, Gouverneur-st., corner Henry-st.	
2276—Patrick Gibney, cross-walks, corner Grand and Rivington-sts.	
2270—Patrick Gibney, flagging, King-st., opposite Nos. 64 and 66.	
2315—Patrick Gibney, cross-walks, corner Lawrence-st. and 9th-av.	
2319—Patrick Gibney, cross-walks, corner 125th-st. and 8th-av.	
2312—Patrick Gibney, cross-walks, from South-st. to Pier No. 23, E. R.	
2310—Patrick Gibney, cross-walks, corner 20-av. and 23d-st.	
2128—Patrick Gibney, flagging, West 104th-st., between Washington and West-sts.	
2256—Patrick Gibney, cross-walks, Worth-st., corner Mulberry-st.	
1625—John Duffy, E. D. Brown, pt. asst., sewer, between 115th and 116th-sts., Avenue A and 4th-av.	
1771—John Duffy, E. D. Brown, pt. asst., sewer, in 114th-st., between Avenue A and 1st-av.	
2121—Christopher Keyes, 121st-st., regulating, grading, curb, gutter and flagging, between 8d-av. and East River.	
2110—Christopher Keyes, 121st-st., curb, gutter and flagging, between 4th and 5th-sts.	
2139—Christopher Keyes, Macdougal-st., stone-block paving, new sidewalks, curb and gutter.	
2228—Smith S. Nesmith, J. M. Moore, asst., 86th-st., sewer, between 2d and 3d-avs., and in 91st-st., between 2d and 4th-avs.	

ADRIAN SUTHERLAND, HOOPER C. VAN VORST, D. R. JAGUES, } Commissioners.
C. H. S. WILLARD, Clerk.

JULY 20, 1872.

SUPREME COURT.—IN THE MATTER of the Opening of Fourth and Madison-streets and Community of the City of New-York, relative to the opening of One Hundredth-street, from Fifth-avenue to Fourth-avenue, and from Third-avenue to the Harlem River, in the City and State of New-York. We, the undersigned Commissioners of Estimate and Assessment in the above entitled matter, hereby give notice to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants, of all houses and lots and improved or unimproved lands, tenements, and hereditaments, and other property, or any concern, to wit: That we have completed our estimate and assessment, and that all persons interested in these proceedings, or in any of the lands affected thereby, and who may be opposed to the same, do present their objections in writing, duly verified, to Richard Tweed, our Chairman, at the office of the Commissioners, No. 52 Nassau-street, (Room No. 24) in the said City, on or before the 16th day of August, 1872, and that we, the said Commissioners, will meet parties so objecting within the ten week days next after the said 16th day of August, and for that purpose will be in attendance at our said office on each of said ten days, at 12 o'clock, M. That the abstract of the said estimate and assessment, together with our map, and also all the affidavits, estimates and other documents which we used when in making our report, have been deposited in the office of the Department of Public Works in the City of New-York, there to remain until the 30th day of August, 1872. That the limits embraced by the assessment aforesaid are as follows, to wit: All those lots, pieces or parcels of land, lying and being on One Hundredth-street, between the Fifth-avenue and the Harlem River, in said City of New-York, and extending from the side of One Hundredth-street, half the distance to the next street thereto; and that our report herein will be presented to the Supreme Court of the State of New-York at a special term thereof, to be held in the New Court-house, at the City Hall, in the City of New-York, on the 10th day of September, 1872, at the opening of the Court on that day, and that if an and there any account thereto or against the same be filed, then a motion will be made that the said report be confirmed.—Dated New-York, July 8, 1872.

RICHARD TWEED, WM. A. HERRING, ROBERT ROLLAND, } Commissioners.

STATIONERY.

SLOTE & JANES, STATIONERS, PRINters and blank-book manufacturers, No. 62 Fulton-st. Blank-books made to any pattern.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

ADVERTISEMENTS ARE RECEIVED AT THE NEW-YORK TIMES OFFICE, No. 41 Park-row, corner of Beekman-st., from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M. Saturdays, 8 A. M. to 2 P. M. Sunday, 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

NO EXTRA CHARGE WHATEVER.

HARNESS, SADDLES, HORSE-CLOTHING.

C. H. SMITH & CO.,

Extensive manufacturers of every description of saddlery, harness, horse-clothing, trunks, valises, carriage-robes, fly-nets, etc., etc.

No. 46 WARREN-ST.

STEAMBOATS.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

HARLEM AND NEW-YORK NAVIGATION COMPANY.

COMMENCING JULY 1, 1872.

Steamers SYLVAN GROVE and SYLVAN GLEN, Leading at Harlem, 10th-st., 100th-st., Astoria, 116th-st. and Peck-slip.

WAY—Leaving at 10th-st. and Peck-slip, Astoria and 116th-st.—Leave Harlem—6.7, 8, 9, 10, 11 A. M., 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 P. M.

EXPRESS—Leaving at 100th-st. and Peck-slip only—Leave Harlem, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 A. M., 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30 P. M.

WAY—Leaving at 116th-st., Astoria, 60th-st., 120th-st. and 130th-st.—Leave Peck-slip—8.10, 9, 10, 11, 12 M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 P. M.

EXPRESS—Leaving at 116th-st. and 120th-st. Harlem.—Leave Peck-slip—7.20, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, 11.20 A. M., 1.20, 2.20, 3.20, 4.20, 5.20, 6.20 P. M.

The 6 A. M. boat from Harlem, and 6.10 P. M. from Peck-slip, will not stop at 60th-st.

Freight received from 7 A. M. until 6 P. M.

Schooner and pontoon taken on reasonable terms.

SUNDAY ARRANGEMENT.

Boats leave Harlem at 8.30 A. M., and hourly and half-hourly thereafter during the day, landing at Astoria and 116th-st. each trip. Last boat leaves Harlem at 7.30 P. M. and Peck-slip at 8.15 P. M.

This is the only line connecting with the regular lines of boats for High Bridge.

Passengers by this line of boats can visit the Government Works at Hell Gate, Schneider's and Schutt's Parks at Astoria, Christ Park and Kent's Park at North New-York, and High Bridge.

J. F. TALLMAN, Superintendent.

NARRAGANSETT STEAM-SHIP COMPANY.

FALL RIVER LINE

FOR BOSTON, via NEWPORT and FALL RIVER.

Daily, (Sundays included,) at 5:15 P. M.

From Pier No. 31 North River, foot Murray-st.

The world-renowned steamers

BRISTOL and PROVIDENCE,

Capt. A. G. Simmons. Capt. R. M. Simmons.

The most direct route to Taunton, Middleboro, Plymouth, New-Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and all points on the South Shore and Cape Cod Railway. Also, through tickets to Framingham, Fitchburg, Lowell, Concord, Nashua, Manch

THE FOURTH PICNIC.

A Delightful Day and a Happy Crowd of Children.

Visit to Oriental Grove—Season on the Sound—Fun and Pleasure the Rule—Frolic to End and to Score.

We have to acknowledge today twenty-nine contributions to the Children's Fund, amounting in all to $444. The aggregate of the Fund is now $9,491 70, with every prospect of its still further increase. The success that has attended our efforts in securing for poor children a breath of fresh air by means of excursions on steam-boats and railroads, shows that the project is a feasible and safe one. We shall, therefore, continue to get up children's picnics at proper intervals, the details of each being of such a magnitude as to require strict attention, and the expenditure of considerable time, by the manager.

The next excursion will take place on Saturday, the 27th inst., when all of the younger scholars of the remaining nine Home Schools of the Juvenile Guardian Society will proceed to Excelsior Park, opposite Yonkers. There are others in preparation to be hereafter announced.

The following are the subscriptions received yesterday:

Peake, Opdyke & Co.	$100 00
C. L. Perkins	100 00
Little Children Guests at the Prospect Park Hotel, Catskill	50 00
C. M.	20 00
T. de Neufville	20 00
Mrs. C. M. H.	20 00
L. & B.	20 00
J. N. Merrill, M. D.	10 00
E. A. C.	10 00
F. P.	10 00
Richmond	10 00
H. J. C.	5 00
F. M. K.	5 00
Misses S., of Pelham	5 00
Jo.	5 00
Miss McGilder	5 00
C. W. M.	5 00
Yendes	5 00
F. S. W.	5 00
M. F. M.	5 00
H.	5 00
Cash	5 00
J. H. C.	5 00
"From our Breakfast Table."	5 00
J. C. A.	2 00
A Friend	2 00
T. J. & S. J.	2 00
Bachelor	2 00
George S. McWatters	1 00
Total	$444 00
Previously acknowledged	9,047 70
Aggregate of Fund	$9,491 70

The Washington Ice Company has offered all the ice wanted for future picnics, free of charge. This is in addition to the offer recorded yesterday. Messrs. Bradish Johnson & Sons have sent to the TIMES Office a barrel of sugar for the same purpose. Thos. J. Riley offers free cartage for a picnic as his contribution.

The Fourth Excursion.

"After a storm comes a calm" is the experience of all ages. The TIMES' excursion of yesterday was as different from that of Friday as the imagination can well conceive. The recipients of yesterday's bounty were children from the sixth school of the Female Guardian Society, from the Industrial School of the Church of the Epiphany in Stanton-street, and from the Wilson Mission House. From the nature of these institutions it can at once be recognized that the excursionists were nearly all girls. There was just a sprinkling of boys, but even among these there were none of the young desperadoes who accompanied the Italian schools on Thursday. There were in all 772 children, and about thirty mothers who wished to go with their little ones, besides the teachers. There were on board, also, Drs. Thomas and Holmes, who were so kind as to volunteer their services. The place of embarkation was at the foot of Eighth-street, on the East River, whence the barge, Sarah Smith, was to convey the children to the Oriental Grove, on the pleasant waters of the Sound. The schools came up rather slowly, so that it was nearly 10 o'clock when the party started. There were very many little children, not more than six years old, on board, and as soon as they entered the barge, they immediately organized games of Copenhagen, or played catch with the bean-bags which had been provided. There was very little dancing to the music of the band, for the teachers most praiseworthily appeared to think of their charges rather than of themselves, and joined in the children's sports with the greatest abandon. But though the little ones enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, there was a prim and quiet aspect about them which showed that they had been accustomed to discipline and were habituated to restraint. When, at 11 o'clock, the first distribution of sandwiches and lemonade took place, there was not the least jostling or hurry. Some of the little girls, it is true, found the staircase of the barge so steep that they came down half a dozen steps at once, to their own great astonishment. But the alarming prospect of the long tables covered with nice things, made them tread the ambulation lightly, and though some of them rubbed their backs ruefully, they all disdained to weep.

When the boat arrived at the grove every child was made happy by a packet of sandwiches of ham, or tongue, or beef, a great hunk of sponge cake, and a handful of candies to each little girl, at which mark of preference the boys looked astonished, having perhaps been taught to believe that they should receive more than the girls. Each child, as it received its provision, trotted off to the grove, and in a few minutes the barge was cleared of all save a few teachers. The young ones roamed everywhere about the place, preferring to wander here and there rather than to start any games. Some were organized for them, and went on briskly enough under the supervision of the manager, but as soon as he turned his back they gave themselves once more to the delights of laziness. To use the language of Walt Whitman, they preferred to loaf and invite the soul. There was one exception—the swings, which were besieged during the entire stay at the grove. The little ones agreed among themselves how many swings each was to have, and the waiting ones formed a circle and played some pretty sport in which there was considerable singing, while they kept a keen watch on the swing. Every now and again the chorus chant would be interrupted by cries of "Mary, you've had your swing; now it's Ellen's time." Mary generally protested against the count, but took a few additional to make things straight.

At 3½ o'clock the wheels of the Gorgas blew the recall, sharply, and as the children had been made clearly to understand that the whistle would be for an hour, they flocked back to the barge readily enough, full of dainty expectancy. They received as they passed in five more sandwiches, more lemonade, and a ticket for subsequent ice-cream. Then they merry repeaters and began examining their treasures. Some had the embellishments of weeds, as designed by the world that selected them had found nature for them; but they made wreath of them, and crowned them to each other triumphantly. Others had stores of huge oak leaves, which their teachers placed for them into artistic decorations. One boy, far luckier than his companions, found a fawn-skin, which, on examination, proved to be marked on the under-plates with sundry initials and the date 1836. The teachers in many instances formed the little ones in circles about "Spot," and their merry laughter, participated in by a certain white spot, and obey about a white mountain that was covered with black stones. Some children had become too excited either to listen to stories or to look for fairies or flowers, so they strolled their

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